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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The upsetting of the equilibrium in Europe has coincided with almost the least eventful week of the war in the Far East. In the despatches General Kuropatkin has announced that there is no considerable change in the situation. In the one important action, of which the news was even slower than usual in reaching us, the Russians took the offensive and made what seems to have been a very determined counter-attack on the Mo-Tien-ling pass. The Japanese successfully held their strong position with the loss of about 300 men and the Russian casualties are reported as over 1,000. A Russian official despatch describes the attack as a demonstration made to find out the strength of the enemy. The extent of the casualties makes this unlikely; the attack was probably part of General Kuropatkin's endeavour to check the Japanese advance while he was assuring the retreat of his troops towards Mukden. The rumours that there has been great activity on the extreme right of General Kuroki's forces tend to support this view. From Port Arthur we have no news whatever, nor even a report; but the Vladivostok squadron has again slipped out, sunk two small Japanese steamers and is now thought to be at large in the Pacific.

The question both of the Russian seizure of the letters on the "Prince Heinrich" and the absolute capture of the P. and O. liner "Malacca" should have been settled wholly by reference to the lawyers. Unhappily in the second case Russia or her captains have allowed the incident to develop into an acute crisis. In the words of the despatch a very serious situation is involved. Most of the facts are clear. The vessel was stopped in the Red Sea by a Russian cruiser and boarded by a prize crew on 13 July, the Russian flag was hoisted, the British taken down, and the passengers were landed but the crew retained. After an inquiry of several days Lord Lansdowne sent a "strongly worded" protest, which was received by the Russian Foreign Minister on Wednesday afternoon, demanding the release of the vessel within twenty-four hours. Apart from the opening and detention of mails, a very intricate question is the security of neutral shipping

The Russian case is that the ship contained contraband of war; on our part it is maintained, and there is every reason for believing our Foreign Office to be rightly informed on the case—that the only part of the cargo which could be described as contraband was explosive material intended for our China squadron and was properly marked with the broad arrow. The reported Russian reply to Lord Lansdowne's protest appears to admit this, and states that the "Malacca" will not be taken before a prize court.

The incident is much complicated by the status of the "Petersburg" and "Smolensk", the cruisers which made the capture. There is no question that they came through the Dardanelles, and the Russian Government has to escape from the dilemma that either she broke the regulation of the Treaty of Berlin forbidding armed vessels to pass the straits, or that they are merchantmen, in which case the capture of the "Malacca" is an act of piracy. The dilemma no doubt is not so simple as it seems. There are precedents for breaking the Treaty of Berlin which may be interpreted in many ways and has been evaded perpetually. Anyway now that the acuteness of the crisis caused by the particular question of seizing the "Malacca" seems over, it will be necessary to arrive at some definite understanding of the status of the volunteer fleet. It may be that the Russian case is a good one, but it must be a perpetual source of danger if Russia and the European signatories have contrary views of the interpretation of the treaty.

It is wholly to be regretted that General Oku should have published abroad a number of accusations against the Russians of practices contrary to the humanities of war. Similar accusations, quoted as a reason for General Oku's countercharge, were made but with less official sanction against Japanese soldiers after Wa-fang-tien. It is not unlikely that both charges are in some degree true. Things are done in war, even by people who have every right to be considered civilised beings, which proclaim the continuance of the instincts of savagery. War, even the most precisely organised battle, is a hurly burly in which a large number of the combatants have very little idea what they are doing. White flags or red crosses may be fired on in ignorance; and even the unauthorised raising of the white flag has been known. In such a case the interchange of charges of inhumanity can do no good. Partisans believe only the accusations of their own side, and the one effect is to embitter the bitterness of war. By all means let generals put together and keep the evidence

of breaches of the law of a fair field. It is well to have the evidence in reserve if it is supported by proper witnesses. But in the case of this war the presence about every field of battle of the worse type of Chinese increases enormously the difficulty of proving any case of maltreatment of the wounded or the dead.

There have been great rejoicings in Tokio. At last, after many months' waiting, relieved only by the arrival of late news and extreme hospitality, the newspaper correspondents have been let loose. With a number of foreign attachés they were released from Tokio on Wednesday and sailed for the front on Monday. It is perhaps fair to argue that as they have so far been carefully and very properly kept remote and in ignorance when any important move was imminent, it is expected by Japanese military authorities that the great effort will be concluded by the time the correspondents land. This may not apply to the attacks on Port Arthur, where by the nature of the case, since presumably immediate relief is now out of the question, it will not much matter what information the correspondents succeed in bruiting or inventing.

Lord Curzon made two speeches on Wednesday, the first at the Guildhall where he was made a freeman of the City of London, and the second at the Mansion House where he was entertained at luncheon. Both were perfect in form, and the first and more serious and important speech was full of the pageantry of thought in which he excels. It was eastern in its rich imagery, very typically English in its fervour of patriotism and empire. There was no false modesty about the speech. "Some put efficiency on their banner", was the plain purport of one sentence, "but I practise it". The whole speech glittered with gems; and one hesitates to make a selection from them. Lord Curzon passionately defended his Tibet policy, the monk-ridden land as he called it, and he ended with a moving eulogy of the real empire builders, the patient unobserved officials who have served under him. He advised all the "embryonic Premiers" sitting at the table with him to follow Lord Rosebery's example and visit India. Who were these embryonic premiers? We have glanced through the list of lunchers, and still are rather in the dark. There were, however, no doubt embryonic Lord Mayors present besides many other men of distinction.

The complaint used to be made against Mr. Balfour that he did not read the "Times" and other papers as thoroughly as he should. Something which Lord Salisbury said, amid his pleasant reminiscences of Lord Curzon in Oxford days, might be taken, we suppose, as proof that the Prime Minister has not reformed in this matter. Lord Salisbury said that he would take care "to report to Mr. Balfour what had passed that afternoon". We should be curious to know, if he recited the speech, what was his rendering of that passage about the roaring tides of Asia. In the long and good report of the "Times" it ran: "I do not think our work is over or drawing to an end. On the contrary, as the years roll by the sky seems to me more clear, the duty more imperative, the work more majestic, the gold more sublime". One trusts, for Mr. Balfour's peace of mind, he gave it gold not gold.

On Tuesday Mr. Brodrick made a final official statement of the determination of the Government to settle our affairs with the Tibetans at Lhasa. In conjunction with Colonel Younghusband's proclamation the position is clear enough though, perhaps, the candour of official utterances is not so great as it seems. There are motives of diplomacy which neither the Russian nor the British Government will think it advantageous to publish. About the advance itself there is nothing withheld. The advance on the last stage of the journey has begun and it is unfortunately clear that the Tibetans mean to continue their resistance. The Karo-la Pass, as the other natural strongholds on the line of march, was strongly fortified and occupied by considerable numbers of troops. But the Tibetans appear to have fled as soon as the Gurkhas, who scaled the heights with their normal activity, got within striking distance and the expedition is now on the far side of the range

within less than a hundred miles of Lhasa. The advance is not likely to be greatly delayed, but as the expedition descends the long arduous declivity to Lhasa, the difficulty of keeping up communications will be much increased and we may have intervals in the news of the expedition's progress.

It was to be expected, considering the well-known opinion of the people of Toronto and the treatment of past militia commanders, that General Dundonald should have a great ovation in that town. Unhappily the provinces of Canada are divided by so very keen a rivalry that this acknowledgment of his services will be taken rather as a political movement than an exhibition of Imperial zeal. The people of Toronto do not intend it as such. The town is the centre of the sentiment represented by the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists whose enthusiasm is that of their ancestors. But in Quebec the reception will be taken as urged by a narrower motive and this sort of essential misrepresentation is one of the chief barriers to a cool settlement of what should be of strictly military concern. The same vicious tendency to use imperial affairs as a lever for political agitation was confessed in Mr. Lloyd-George's motion of adjournment. The House showed some dignity in negating it without a division; but the meddlesome speeches that preceded the explanation are so much to the bad.

Whether their intention was political or imperial their effect was at once made clear by the bitter debate in the Canadian House of Parliament, when Mr. Arnold-Forster's name was associated by members of doubtful patriotism with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd-George in an expression of obligation for their attitude. Lord Dundonald did an unconstitutional thing, deliberately and on purpose, for the sake of a reform which he believed was vital to the defence of the Empire. Mr. Arnold-Forster, who talks of prospective reductions in English garrisons through the colonies, must believe that Lord Dundonald's emphasis on the necessity of an incorrupt organisation for Canadian forces is essential to the defence of Canada; and from the logic of this belief it follows to condemn Lord Dundonald is to give check to a necessary agitation. The value of Lord Dundonald's insistence on his own deposit consists in the strength it lends to the reforming party; and to gloze the incident is to deprive it of potential value. Toronto is more right than Mr. Arnold-Forster.

Such exhibitions as the House of Commons has been giving this week serve at any rate one purpose; they bring Parliamentary government still further into contempt. A body that is liable to breakings out of this kind is too obviously unfit to govern an empire. What is to be said for a system as an instrument for imperial government that may at any time keep the Prime Minister, with his immense burden of the gravest imperial work, wasting his time and strength for twenty-six hours on end listening to absolutely idle speeches, intended to effect nothing but the embarrassment of the executive? Other scandals of this nature have invariably been attributed to the Irish element in the House and solemn lessons have been read from them of the necessity of getting rid of the Irish incubus in order to save Parliament and the Empire. But this instance, one of the worst of its kind, cannot be attributed to Irish wickedness even by the most Philistine of Saxons, whether from Ulster or England. The Irish members had nothing to do with it. And from the imperial point of view it is really irrelevant whether Government or Opposition were to blame. No institution is fit for imperial government which is liable thus to be paralysed by the mistake whether of one side or another.

That Mr. Balfour was able to stand the strain without loss of temper or urbanity is simply wonderful. Mr. Gladstone could have done the same, and did, but certainly no other parliamentarian now living. It is appalling to think what the "psychological climate" of the House would have been had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for instance, sat in Mr. Balfour's



place. But marvellously as it was borne by Mr. Balfour, who had come from a Cabinet Council to the sitting and went straight from the sitting of twenty-six hours to a meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee, it is monstrous that a prime minister should be submitted to such a strain. And all because a knot of ill-behaved young men, such as Mr. McKenna and Mr. Winston Churchill, chose to occupy the House by a rude and pointless speech iterated and reiterated all through the night. So respectable a person as Mr. Sydney Buxton might be ashamed to countenance the goings on of his noisy young friends. It is just as though a sixth-form boy were to encourage and join in the insubordination of a number of little boys in the lower school. Mr. Churchill, as would be expected, was the most offensive, making even his new friends ashamed of him. Some of the Liberal members confessed as much to the Unionists. Mr. Churchill was not playing his game well, for he was speaking very badly the whole night through, and he does not often speak badly.

Perhaps the most remarkable feat of endurance was performed by the veteran Mr. Spencer Charrington, who, though eighty-four years of age, saw the entire sitting through and voted in every division. A little token as tribute from the 164 Unionists who followed him through the lobbies would be a graceful act. Contrast his record with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's, who went to bed at a normal hour and did not reappear until eleven the next morning, when he immediately moved to report progress, tired already. Mr. Asquith never appeared at all. It should endear him to his followers who bore the burden and heat of the night. However the Opposition will probably learn their lesson: they have gained nothing by this performance; they did not carry a single point they raised; the Government got through the business they wished; and the only result of the whole proceeding is strikingly to strengthen the case for closure by guillotine, which will be used more and more and become only the more popular the more it is used.

The first annual meeting of the Tariff Reform League, held on Thursday at Stafford House under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland, was something more than the dull perfunctory affair which such meetings usually are. Mr. Chamberlain made it of real account, stating the position of the movement with justice and nicety. He recognises that we are only at the beginning of our work, at the same time he is plainly justified in claiming that the tariff reform movement has made almost unprecedented progress during the fourteen months it has had organised form. No one doubts now that the great majority of the Unionist party is in favour of preferential tariffs, an assertion few would have liked to venture a year and a half ago. And this has been achieved without the active support, though, as Mr. Chamberlain said, with the sympathy, of the Prime Minister. The truth is that in this matter everything is in our favour. "Ours is a positive policy, theirs is a negative policy. Ours is a constructive policy, theirs is a destructive policy." There is the kernel of the situation politically. It is always easier to attack than defend, and in tariff questions we are the attackers and our opponents the defenders. Time and persistency may be trusted to wear down the defence.

The spirit in which the first report of the Tariff Commission has been received by free-traders makes one doubt if facts have any effect on partisanship. The complaint is that the commission has come exactly to the conclusion which could have been inferred from Mr. Chamberlain's Greenock speech and the known opinions of the members of the commission. Criticism of such a kind is entirely irrelevant. The commission never purported to be an independent inquiry into the premises of the question. It was constituted only for constructive purposes; and it has done in respect to the iron trades what it was asked to do. The recommendations which we have had from Mr. Chamberlain have been compared with the conclusions or summaries of evidence and in these lies much of the value of the report.

The summing-up is eminently judicial in tone, and the evidence was taken from representatives of four-fifths of the iron and steel trades. It was of course impossible to publish the evidence in detail, but it is there as permanent material for the settlement of the different branches of the question; and the conclusion drawn from it can only be met by those who have taken the trouble to collect facts with similar thoroughness.

As to the comparative growth of prosperity in the iron and steel trades the figures of the report give a concise proof, which leaves much room for a moral, that Germany and the United States both in the steel and pig iron trades have advanced with astonishing rapidity while we have stood still. Twenty years ago we were first, we are now third; and only our increased trade with the colonies, now seriously threatened, has disguised the appalling diminution of our export trade to foreign countries. Every piece of evidence points to one cause for this sudden loss of relative prosperity. By a number of extremely interesting figures it was shown that short or irregular hours of work are the ruin both of actual profits and of the calibre of the workman. So great is the relative loss that some firms have run full time at a minimum of profit rather than risk the break in continuity. From this irregularity both Germany and the United States have been free because they are protected by high tariffs and because our absence of tariff enables them when trade is dull to dump at will and maintain their own continuity by the doubly beneficial process of breaking ours. The real gist of the report is the tabulated scheme of tariffs with which it concludes. We shall discuss this at length next week.

When wireless telegraphy has gone beyond the experimental stage, no doubt it will be added to the Government monopolies of the telegraph and postal systems. But the Postmaster-General's Bill introduced into the House of Commons on Monday does not propose this. The most interesting feature of this new method of transmission is that messages can be interfered with, and this fact will have to be taken into account in granting licences to the various syndicates and companies proposing to operate. They will have to be divided up into spheres of influence, and Government will require many powers of regulation which it has not at present. As the difficulties about wireless telegraphy have shown during the Russo-Japanese war, there may even be political dangers in unregulated transmission of these ethereal messages. Where the installations go beyond the United Kingdom or the three-mile limits, there might be breaches of neutrality in case of war which would involve Government in responsibility. Yet there exists no power of control under the Common Law, or perhaps it would be better to say it needs better definition to meet such a remarkable development as wireless telegraphy; and this the Government Bill proposes to do.

The inability of the London County Council to sell the splendid sites in Aldwych and Kingsway leaves an unpleasant sense of depression. Many reasons have been suggested, and it was urged that if the leases had been increased to ninety-nine years all would have been well. But not a single bid was made and one cannot believe that people anxious for such a site, admirable in every way, would be prevented by the restriction of the lease to the usual term prevailing in London. We hope that there is no truth in the assertion publicly made that American firms are anxious to purchase the sites for the erection of steel buildings of many storeys. The outrage to a delta which might offer as fine an effect as any street in London would be unendurable. We suppose the ratepayer, who loves to anticipate his burdens, would not allow even a Progressive majority to make of the site a great paradise. It would be an inestimable boon to the class of people, still thick on the outskirts, whose lodging-places have been pulled down to make room for Kingsway. Few parts of London are more remote from open spaces popularly available.

A pretty illustration of the distinction in kind between young sentiment and old is to be found in a

complaint from New Zealand. The colony desires more memorials of the Boer war, which under the neglect of the Government are being suffered to rust and fall to pieces. It will be remembered that the London County Council was greatly upset because their Parks Committee proposed to set up cannon used in the Boer war in a public place. Thus the new world comes in to redress the balance of the old. In how many things it would be excellent if in these and more serious matters, as Mr. Parkin once said in effect, the sentiment of the people in England and the colonies could be added up and divided by two. In this case the balance might be easily arrived at by the simple device of allowing the London County Council to send over to Mr. Seddon the guns which they rejected.

The result of the trial for conspiracy of the employés at the Horton Lunatic Asylum, Epsom, is a severe censure on the management of that institution by the Committee of Management of the London County Council. It has been at the mercy of a gang, perhaps of forty persons, who have been misappropriating stores on a large scale; and the possibility of doing so was the neglect of proper supervision by the committee. The jury was of opinion that there should be an inquiry into the administration by the committee, and the Judge, perhaps not logically but not unnaturally, regarded this holding out of temptation as a reason for passing lenient sentences on the four prisoners who were the foreman butcher, the carman and the store clerks who had played into each other's hands for the purpose of the fraud. If the statement of one of the prisoners is to be believed, not only were the stores removed and sold but immense quantities were actually destroyed whenever stock was taken to make things balance. There was no proper system of book-keeping and the accounts were "cooked". It is a most serious scandal and very damaging to the Council's reputation.

The Sievier case fortunately came to an end with the inquiry before the magistrate, and the defendant was discharged. We say fortunately because criminal investigations are getting intolerably prolix. It is appalling to think of such cases as the Slater inquiry, the Hooley proceedings and now this Sievier case, with the preliminary stages extending over weeks and a prospect of days of actual trial before a judge. There was a lack of discretion in making a charge of perjury after four years. Perjury is always difficult to prove and doubly difficult when it has become stale. In this instance it would probably never have been heard of if it had not been for the libel action. We are not surprised that the magistrate thought no jury would convict. Mr. Avory also, who said of the prosecution that he should not be surprised at anything, turned out to be right in hinting that his only surprise would be if the magistrate sent the case to trial. Bankrupt betting men should note his opinion that there is no reason for their taking an express train to town and hurrying to Carey Street with any ten-pound note they may happen to win at Epsom.

Nothing is more revolting to people of the least sensitiveness than the horrors of the slaughter-house. Whilst man remains a devourer on a large scale of meat, it is not conceivable that the animals he eats can be saved from all pain and misery. For instance, they have to be driven to the place of death; and everybody knows that they are often obstinate in going and have to be assailed by the drivers. It is often hateful to see animals doomed for slaughter being driven aboard ship. But at least we can minimise the horrors in the actual killing place, and the report of Mr. Arthur Lee's committee that has considered this matter should be carried speedily into law. The committee declares its view that all animals should be stunned or otherwise rendered unconscious before blood is drawn. Another recommendation is that animals awaiting death should be spared, as much as possible, from any contact with the sights and sounds of the slaughter-house. The committee was a very strongly constituted one, and its report should be accepted in its entirety.

#### LORD CURZON: THE PERFORMANCE AND THE PROMISE.

THE conference of the freedom of the City of London upon Lord Curzon was unique in this respect, the recipient of the honour is neither a Viceroy nor an ex-Viceroy of India. Technically we know that Lord Curzon is a private individual, and has to be reappointed to his high post. But as the instrument of his reappointment is in all probability already made out, he is to all intents and purposes the Sovereign's Vicegerent in the Peninsula. In that capacity he spoke, and in that capacity he must be treated. Next to the Prime Minister of Great Britain the Viceroy of India is the greatest subject of the King; and his worst enemies cannot say that Lord Curzon has failed to fill the position with dignity, industry, and clear, if sometimes relentless, purpose. To a career of such unbroken success as Lord Curzon's the freedom of the City of London is a fitting appendage. It is an honour which, as Lord Curzon said, with the old rhetorical ring of the House of Commons, "No fee can purchase, and no conqueror can claim". At the height of Chatham's popularity Horace Walpole complained that it rained gold boxes. Lord Curzon is not yet a popular idol, but he has begun with the most coveted gold box of all, and he well deserves it. It would be impossible, and if possible it would be undesirable, to attempt at the present time anything like an estimate of Lord Curzon's administration of India. We have not yet got the perspective: and besides, Lord Curzon is only half way through his task. A Viceroy who takes the administrative machinery to pieces for the purpose of overhauling it, and who proceeds "to inquire into every branch of Government in turn" with a view to practising as well as preaching efficiency, is bound to raise up a host of enemies against himself. It is no secret that Lord Curzon is unpopular in certain circles in India, military as well as civil. The dislike of the disturbed official is the price that must be paid by every statesman who goes in for "reconstruction and reform". It is also conceivable that a Viceroy of this type should occasionally ruffle the serenity of the venerable pensioners who compose the Council of the Secretary of State for India in Downing Street. The question however is not whether Lord Curzon has made things pleasant all round for everybody, but whether he has really improved the efficiency of Indian government. Our rule in India is rightly the wonder and envy of the world. But highly organised and singularly successful as this system has been, we do not believe it can be disputed that in five years Lord Curzon has made it better than it was. The Viceroy paid an eloquent and just tribute to "the men on the plains", the organisers of victory, whose devotion to duty and self-sacrifice have been panegyricised by every pen and tongue that has taken India for its theme. The amount of administrative ability, divorced from ambition, that is expended on the administration of India is truly wonderful. It is an ability, as Lord Curzon pointed out, frequently distinct from those moral qualities of courage and adventure, which make men what is called successful in this world. The Indian Civil servant is well, but not extravagantly, paid, and he is content to do his duty. Our Indian régime is a marvellous application of trained and obedient brains to the business of government. We at home may well be proud of it, and we need not be ashamed to confess that we know very little about the details of its working. Nor is it necessary that we should know, provided that we continue to be wise enough to leave the work to those who do know. In the eighteenth century there were only four men in the House of Commons who knew anything about India—Clive, Burke, Rumbold, and Warren Hastings. We doubt whether there are as many in the present House of Commons, though perhaps Macaulay's characteristic saying that "a broken head in Coldbath Fields produced a greater sensation than three pitched battles in India" would hardly be true to-day. The cable and cheap newspapers have modified that: but the Indian budget is still passed by a bored and deserted chamber. This ignorance and apathy, however, in matters Indian so far from being an "indictment" are proofs of our



practical sagacity. If so stately a person as Lord Curzon ever unbuttons his mind to anyone, he would probably admit that India is well governed just because it is not interfered with by Parliament. It will be a dangerous day for India when the average elector and therefore the average member of Parliament takes as much interest in the ryots as he does now in the inhabitants of the Transvaal. Lord Curzon was quite justified in dwelling with something like exultation on his plague policy, his famine policy, and his education policy. Of course his listeners were competent to follow him. His frontier policy, again, both on the side of Afghanistan and Tibet, has exhibited that mixture of firmness, of conciliation, and of definite aim, which elicits the approval of those who are qualified to judge. No doubt if Great Britain were involved in war with Russia India would be our vulnerable point. But this view of the question may easily be exaggerated. We should remember Lord Beaconsfield's dictum that the key of India is not on the Afghan frontier but in London. And India would only be our vulnerable point in the event of war with Russia. If we were at war with France or Germany, India would be as much beyond their reach as Canada or Australia. If we were at war with the United States, the critical point would be Canada, a frontier more perilously exposed than North-West India in case of war with Russia.

The political world is fond of looking ahead and speculating on the future career of its younger statesmen. A question which is often asked nowadays is, What part will Lord Curzon take in home politics when he returns from India at the end of five years? As everybody knows, Lord Curzon was created an Irish peer upon leaving the House of Commons. It is an honour which the Georges were in the habit of bestowing upon their favourites and supporters, for it generally carried with it a charge upon the Irish exchequer; but since the Union it has fallen into desuetude. From that date the Irish peers, like the Scotch, choose a certain number of themselves to represent their order in the House of Lords. But the Irish differ from the Scotch peers in this, that Irish peers who are not chosen to the House of Lords can and do sit in the House of Commons, whereas no Scotch peer has been returned to the Lower House, it being, we believe, a moot point whether he is legally eligible. An Irish peerage was therefore given to Lord Curzon with the express object of allowing him, if he should wish to do so, to return to the House of Commons, in whose debates he used to take so distinguished a part, and where he served as Under-Secretary for India and for Foreign Affairs. The appearance of an ex-Viceroy in the House of Commons would be an experiment; would it succeed? The answer depends entirely on the character of the man. The House of Commons is more like a public school of "grown-ups" than anything else. The members are quick to detect and quiz foibles of manner or appearance; and while the grave and respectful language of the Constitution is scrupulously observed on the floor, there is considerable freedom between members in the lobbies. Genuine talents, of almost any kind, or even the possession of a portfolio, will always command a certain kind of respect; but there is one thing which the House of Commons will never stand from anybody, the assumption, namely, of anything like personal superiority or authority. Even Ministers like Lord Palmerston, in the plenitude of their power, have had to submit to a severe snubbing from the House when they have gone too far. Disraeli delighted everybody when he took Palmerston to task for his "Patrician bullying of the Front Bench". Mr. Chamberlain sometimes makes mistakes of this kind, and it considerably detracts from his influence. When Lord Curzon was in the House of Commons the faults which occasionally peeped out were those of arrogance and pretentiousness, an over-confidence in himself and a want of consideration for others. These qualities are possibly, nay probably, auxiliary to the making of a great Viceroy: to an aspirant to the leadership of the House of Commons they are fatal. And unfortunately for Lord Curzon they are precisely the defects which a ten years' occupancy of the post of Viceroy of India would be likely to encourage rather than to cure. The Viceroy keeps an

almost Royal state: whatever people may say of him in anterooms and clubs, to his face all is subservience, even prostration. The rough-and-tumble of the House of Commons will seem strange after the ceremony of Simla and Calcutta. Lord Curzon is human; and will adaptation to his new environment be possible?

#### THE RIPPLE OF WAR.

IF modern Cassandras were to be believed, we should at this moment be on the brink of international complications more serious than were ever threatened even by Napoleon Bonaparte. But no good results can accrue from an attitude of alarm or panic. This is emphatically the moment for a calm, dignified effort to reduce the heat of the political atmosphere. Let the Government be vigilant by all means and make every provision against an eventual entanglement, but at all costs let any form of provocation or even of ill-temper be avoided. For the present there is absolutely no need or occasion to anticipate the worst. International law is very far from being codified and the difficulties of interpreting it are very great. Little is yet known beyond the fact that the "Malacca" has been seized, and it is absurd as well as unfair to protest, as certain irresponsible scribes are doing, that Russia is guilty of piracy. Because men-of-war have masqueraded as merchant ships during their passage of the Dardanelles, it does not follow that they are to remain merchant ships for the rest of their natural lives. It were as logical to insist upon an actor going out to supper in his stage costume. No doubt the evasion of treaties is ethically unsound, but nations have never conformed to precisely the same code of morals as private citizens. We can understand perfectly that the Peninsular and Oriental Company will press for substantial damages, and we may note in passing a very reprehensible statement which has been current to the effect that the Government will be bound to take up the cudgels on behalf of a great rich company when it could have afforded to ignore the grievances of humbler sufferers. But it is by no means certain that the Russians exceeded their rights as belligerents in searching or even capturing a neutral ship; and if their reply to Lord Lansdowne's protest is as reported they have given up the contention as to contraband on the "Malacca", and will not take her to a prize court. The right of search is a delicate question not only for Russia but for all belligerents, for it involves a right which England has always been among the first to proclaim. The case of the "Bundesrath", the fierce outcry in Germany and the successful claim for compensation, will be fresh in every mind. It is not therefore for us to cast the first stone. Still, just as many virtues become vices when pushed to an extreme, it would become highly inconvenient if every British ship were constantly exposed to search and capture during the progress of a maritime war. There ought always to be some reasonable ground for suspicion before such drastic action is taken at the expense of a neutral; and the Russians will do well to remember that, in every walk of life, those who insist too rigidly upon their rights are rarely popular.

It may be true, as some have suggested, that the Russians do not desire our friendship, nay further that they are intent upon provoking us to some act of hostility, which will involve France as well as ourselves in the war. But though we know the terms of our own treaty with Japan, we are not in possession of the articles of the dual alliance. It may or may not be that France has undertaken to assist Russia in the event of more than one Power being arrayed against her. But even if it be, there is no certitude that France will see fit to adhere to her engagements. Recent diplomacy has done something to allay the animosities with which the French have so long regarded us, nor does it accord with their temperament to adhere unduly to a losing cause. An occasion for anxiety has undoubtedly been afforded by the visit of M. Delcassé to St. Petersburg. If aggression were meditated, it would be very natural for Russia to take counsel with the nation which has so long played the part of her catspaw or relieving officer: France may be

called either according to the point of view. We attach more importance to his visit than we do to the case of the "Malacca" and we confess that an extension of the area of the war now seems to us more possible than it seemed a week ago. But we do not forget that M. Delcassé has already given many proofs of his desire for our sympathetic friendship. The fact that he has been chosen for the present mission admits a certain gleam of light upon the lowering horizon and we would not doubt that he will spare no effort in the direction of peace. But even the best intentions may be forced into the usual pavement and other portents are not wanting to menace further storms. The Chinese for instance are daily exhibiting more and more overt sympathies with their yellow cousins and it is stated on good authority that Chinese irregulars are being directed by Japanese officers. This is perhaps not strange, more especially in view of a Russian occupation of territory which may still be regarded as Chinese. But the situation is undoubtedly strained thereby and the chances of restricting the limits of warfare are accordingly less happy. We wish we could be more sanguine about the hopes of arbitration, but the Japanese are unlikely to accept it because they think they are winning, the Russians because they seem to be losing and would certainly forfeit their prestige. We say "seem to be losing" because we have not yet been convinced by the pæans of their noisy detractors in this country. While admitting the severity of recent reverses, we still remain in the dark as to such essential factors as the approximate strength of General Kuropatkin's forces or the comparative value of the Siberian railway. Of course everybody prophesied that it would break down and in a country like our own, where people persist in believing precisely what they desire to believe, there exists a chronic reluctance to admit the falsity of unintelligent anticipations. We go further and maintain that, even though such beliefs were justified, practical victory must still remain very remote. It is a mistake to confuse Manchuria with all the Russias, which remain invulnerable. The Japanese may presently establish their mastery over the fringe of Siberia, but in another twenty years the Russians may have built the strongest fleet in all the East; and meanwhile we do not expect to hear that Kronstadt has been bombarded by Admiral Togo or that a Japanese fleet has appeared off the Crimea.

We yield to no one in patriotic desires to maintain the honour of Britain unimpaired. But we believe that the truest patriots are those who contrive to maintain our just rights and yet avoid a great war which, even though it were consummated with victory, would certainly leave behind it a vast heritage of penury and misery. The Government must remain firm, no doubt, but they must proceed with the utmost deliberation and exhaust every available means of allaying friction. We have reached a stage when the minutest indiscretion, the slightest bluster, the smallest discourtesy may plunge us into a quarrel, whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. We have reached a crisis when the highest interests of our Empire are at stake, and we shall be unworthy of the mighty trust which has been handed down to us from our forefathers if by any precipitate word or deed we jeopardise the prosperity of these realms.

#### THE OPERATION ON THE ARMY.

OUR army doctors, that is to say, politicians and Secretaries of State, are never tired of practising on the corpus vile in their power. It is Mr. Arnold-Forster who flourishes the surgeon's knife this time. He begins by a vigorous lopping off of limbs. The reduction in personnel proposed by Mr. Arnold-Forster is more sweeping than any hitherto attempted by the great host of his predecessors who from time to time have tinkered at our army. Fourteen line and five garrison battalions are ear-marked for extinction; which is at least a strange reading of the recent South African lesson, when our resources were so strained that reserve regiments had to be raised in haste at grossly extravagant cost. But even if these nineteen

battalions and so many thousand men are to go, the reduction effected on the total Army Estimates will be infinitesimal; and in any case the plan is not worth the risk which is thereby incurred. Few realise how small a part the actual personnel of the regular army plays in running up the Army Estimates; and no doubt many would be surprised to discover that in this year's Estimates, which amount to 29 millions, the cost for the regular personnel is only £9,674,700. Reduction in personnel cannot effect any appreciable relief in the amount of annual taxation. The whole situation is a charming exposition of the fallacy of the golden anticipations of the efficacy of the Army Council. At the time of its inauguration we pointed out that the new system gave no guarantee that a strong Secretary of State could not still have his own way in the teeth of his expert advisers, no matter how these were designated or grouped: the army council is in the main composed of somewhat obscure individuals, and our apprehensions have in a few months been completely justified. Still matters are by no means settled yet. At this time of year a War Minister can speak with comparative irresponsibility. Responsibility comes in when he has to draw up detailed plans for framing his estimates. So that, at any rate for the immediate future, matters must remain in statu; and it is quite certain that many of the details of the new scheme will never come into operation. Doubtless at first sight there is much which seems sound and reasonable. But on the whole it must be pronounced amateurish; and it contains a number of grave defects. Briefly it amounts to this. The army is to be divided into two parts. There are to be 100 general service battalions, enlisted on a nine years' engagement. The fourteen newly raised line and the five garrison battalions are to be suppressed; and the remaining forty or fifty battalions are to be converted into home-service units with two years' colour service and six years in the reserve, and no liability for foreign service except in time of war. They are each to be 500 strong—100 long- and 400 short-service soldiers—and they are to be quartered permanently in their own territorial districts. Some officers are only to serve continuously for a year, and are then to join the reserve of officers—a plan which it is claimed will solve this burning question. The linked-battalion system is to go and large depôts are to be created; whilst a striking force of 16,000, immediately ready at all times for service, is to be concentrated at Aldershot. The Militia for the present is to remain untouched; though, were public opinion less strong on the matter, Mr. Arnold-Forster would suppress its separate existence, and incorporate a portion of it into the home-service army. As to the Volunteers, he proposes to reduce them to 180,000, to make 60,000 more efficient by a higher grant, and the remainder less efficient by a reduced one. To the Volunteers, therefore, home defence is to be entrusted; from which it will be seen that the "blue water" men have carried away the War Minister, with the result that the forces provided for home defence are to be reduced to the vanishing point, a point not even the most sanguine apostles of this fashionable fad ever hoped to reach.

We have often thought, judging from his speeches and publications, that Mr. Arnold-Forster did not thoroughly appreciate the object of the Reserve system; and, now that he has been nearly a year at the War Office, we are confirmed in that opinion. He cites as one of the great evils of the system the withdrawal of men from civil employment in case of war. Yet this is the very essence of the Reserve system. That it is unfortunate and regrettable everyone admits; but it is absolutely inevitable under any system. The striking force of 16,000 could only be effective for a small war; and the strength of the remaining battalions in peacetime is only 500, of whom many must necessarily be under twenty. It is clear then that, even with long- and short-service battalions, the latter must in case of war be mobilised and filled up by reservists. So the result is almost exactly the same as before. He complains that 90,000 men were left behind during the South African war; and this is, of course, the truth. But it is not the whole truth, because the greater part of those who were weeded out of the battalions mobilised for service in 1899-1900 subsequently became efficient soldiers, and



proved to be most useful in replacing casualties in South Africa. It is indeed inevitable under any system that a certain number of men should be non-effective for a time through lack of age or service. Our reservist system was then for the first time tested on a large scale; and the quality of the material was proved to be excellent, largely exceeding indeed the most sanguine expectations of its founders. But it is at least doubtful whether a two years' term of service would supply an equally good quota of men. The three years' period of enlistment is condemned; and we are told that, after having been in existence for two and a half years, it has broken down. But this, though again the truth, is not the whole truth. The increased pay allowed for those who prolonged their services under this system was not given until 1 April of the present year! It was of course inevitable that many men should refrain from prolonging till the last moment. They had nothing to gain by doing otherwise. The War Office can as yet only have got in the returns for April and May and possibly June. So what real conclusion can as yet be formed as to its efficacy? In some cases at least we know that it has not been a failure, since there are units in which 60 per cent. of the men have already prolonged, which was the proportion originally assumed to be necessary. Moreover the effect of the re-engaged men now getting an additional sum every week at the pay table is likely to prove a very effectual spur to others to follow their example.

The linked-battalion system is to go, and large dépôts are to be created instead, which is of course no new idea, and suggests some obvious advantages. But it is extremely costly, and we doubt very much if the Treasury will agree to it any more than they will to Mr. Arnold-Forster's somewhat spacious ideas as regards barrack accommodation generally. The new dépôts in any case must have very large establishments if, without the help of the home battalions, they are to supply drafts to regiments abroad, and also to accommodate those who from one cause or another are temporarily unfit for foreign service. Recruits are to be six months at the dépôts, and then presumably they will go abroad. Many will, therefore, be under twenty. So the result may be that many will have to go abroad younger than they do at present, and consequently less fit to stand the trials of a hot climate. On the other hand the efficiency of the home battalions will certainly not be improved by permanent residence in small garrison towns; the evil of which is acutely felt in countries where the territorial system is carried out in its entirety.

The linked-battalion system is of course not ideal, and many will view its departure with pleasure. Nevertheless it has borne the test of time fairly well, and hardly merits all the abuse which from time to time has been heaped upon it. Nor does the working of the military machine generally deserve Mr. Arnold-Forster's easy and sweeping condemnation. In modern days it was for the first time really tested in the South African war, when it had to cope with a situation which demanded some five times as many men as any statesman or soldier had ever calculated upon its having to produce for service. Whether this should have been foreseen or not is beside the present point. Some things naturally did not work well. But surely a system which displayed such remarkable powers of expansion to meet unforeseen circumstances cannot be described as wholly defective: and candidly, although we give Mr. Arnold-Forster credit for the best intentions, and recognise that as Secretary of State he has done service in checking the system of centralisation at the War Office which had grown up under his predecessors, we cannot see that the new plan would produce any more expansible and workable machinery than that which he has destroyed or at any rate hopes to destroy. In any case we are certain, so numerous have been the changes of recent years, that the British army would have fared better had it been allowed a short period of rest. Mr. Arnold-Forster's proposals will have no more chance of securing finality than any of those which have already preceded them. What commercial undertaking could survive such treatment as the British army has eternally to undergo at the hands of its would-be organisers?

Imagine the state of a great railway company, which had invariably to be subjected to fresh treatment at the hands of each incoming general manager! Mr. Arnold-Forster naturally thinks that his plans are the best, and that they will achieve permanence. But so also have each of his predecessors from Mr. Cardwell downwards; and the present state of affairs is a pertinent commentary on how entirely fallacious their anticipations have been.

But whether the present scheme be good or bad, the whole crux of the question is, can we get the men to carry it out? There are only to be 100 battalions for foreign service in peace-time; and 89 of these are required for the Indian and colonial garrisons. It is true that Mr. Arnold-Forster tells us that he hopes that these requirements may before long be reduced. Anybody can hope; but there is absolutely not a shred of justification of any hope of the kind; and we should like Mr. Arnold-Forster the more, if he refrained from illusory suggestions of this class. The tendency is all the other way. India for some years past has been clamouring for more white troops; and the South African and Egyptian garrisons are none too large. Only eleven battalions will be left at home. So battalions must inevitably perform most of their service abroad. This being so, will men enlist thus to expatriate themselves for practically their whole term of service? Some of course will. But we very much doubt whether a sufficient number will; and if they do not, our position as regards the provision of Indian drafts and garrisons will be one of greater complexity than ever, and our difficulties in this respect generally will be increased tenfold.

#### THE CITY.

THE Stock Markets have been dominated for the better part of the week by the fear of trouble with Russia arising out of the seizure of the P. and O. steamer "Malacca", and as usual the effect has been most pronounced on Consols, which have dropped about 1½ on the week.

Towards the end of June there were heavy speculative purchases of Consols in the expectation that, with the turn of the half-year, money would be very plentiful, and that there would be a decided rise in all gilt-edged securities, Consols leading the way. As usual, expectations have not been fulfilled. Money is reasonably cheap, but there is no glut of it, and in a small way there has actually been some degree of stringency due to the tardy return of cash from the provinces but in a larger measure to the inability of the Bank of England to secure a material proportion of the gold arriving each week from abroad and to the necessity which underwriters are under of selling good securities in order to meet calls upon the recent numerous issues of high-class stocks for which they subscribed so gaily under the impression—which has not been fulfilled—that the private investor would be only too glad to take them off their shoulders. One large underwriting firm has found itself in serious difficulties by reason of this public neglect of what was regarded as a great opportunity: whence proceed liquidation and exaggerated stories of financial difficulties.

The weakness of the Funds has communicated itself to nearly all departments of the Stock Exchange, and to none more than to Home Railways. The dividends so far announced have been mostly up to or even above expectations. The South-Eastern and Chatham results are perhaps below anticipations; but the Great Eastern is quite satisfactory, having regard to all the circumstances; and the Brighton and (in its smaller way) the Metropolitan have done better than was expected of them. But Home Railway prices have gone back all round. The fact is that the previous rise was attributable to professional buying of the sort usual at the season—that is to say, the dealers loaded themselves up with stock in the belief, or at any rate the hope, that the outside investors would be impressed by the dividends and by the fact that stocks were "brimful of interest" and would come in and relieve them of their burden at a profit. For some reason, the outsiders have not been buying, and the insiders have as a

result found it advisable to reduce their commitments—with an effect upon prices quite disproportionate, gauged by normal standards, to the actual quantity of stock offered. Of course, the reaction was accelerated by the general uneasiness occasioned by the "Malacca" incident. Americans have been a strong market, almost the only one to withstand the general tendency, but their strength is due to the professional element on Wall Street, which is eager to unload; for, so far, neither the American nor the English public has shown any desire to relieve them. Canadian Pacifics have kept tolerably strong, on New York support coupled with actual merits; but Grand Trunks are wobbly and disposed to react on account of the indifferent traffic receipts and the uncertainty as to dividends for the first half of the year. Argentine Railways are neglected. There is buying of Rosarios from Buenos Ayres, and the "lifting" of a big line of stock bought for that city will help to reduce the bull commitments to more reasonable proportions; but the investment stocks are left rather severely alone, perhaps because the average man who usually affects them has not available the liquid capital necessary.

South African mines remain in a very unsatisfactory condition. The leading interests, for reasons sufficiently convincing to themselves no doubt, do not care to give support, and the speculators who are the mainstay of the market see no reason why they should buy shares in the circumstances, especially as they already hold a large number bought at a much higher level. Some cabled messages from Johannesburg have thrown cold water on the efficiency of Chinese labour, and though everything indicates that they do the coolies a gross injustice, these stories are not a help to the market.

#### THE CHOICE OF A LIFE OFFICE.

##### CLERGY MUTUAL SOCIETY.

THE report of the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society, which has just been issued, affords a good opportunity for explaining how the accounts of a Life office ought to be judged and the considerations that should be taken into account in choosing a company in which to effect assurance. Two facts of the first importance can always be learned from the annual accounts of a Life assurance society: the first is the rate of expenditure incurred, and the second is the rate of interest earned upon the funds; these two ratios must not be considered by themselves, but should be compared with the rate of expenditure provided for in the valuation, and the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities.

At its last valuation the Clergy Mutual set aside about 13½ per cent. of its premium income as a provision for future expenses. The actual expenditure incurred last year was 7 per cent. of the premiums: the consequence is that there is a balance of about 6½ per cent. of the premiums accumulating every year which is available for distribution among the policy-holders in the form of bonuses. The Clergy Mutual is a society which employs no agents and pays no commission for the introduction of business. The consequence is that its rate of expenditure is only about half the rate incurred by the average of British offices. Extreme economy of this kind is naturally of great benefit to the existing policy-holders to whom it is immaterial that the amount of new business is relatively small in consequence of not employing agents. The useful comparison, however, is not so much between the expenditure of the Clergy Mutual and other insurance companies, but between the expenditure incurred and the expenditure provided for by the Clergy Mutual itself. The difference between these two, about 6½ per cent. of the premiums, is substantial and makes a large contribution to surplus. But the margin is not exceptionally large.

This item cannot be considered by itself without a tendency to produce a wrong impression. The rate of expenditure which a company sets aside usually depends upon the difference between the premiums actually paid by the policy-holders and the net premiums required according to the mortality table; and the rate of interest adopted in the valuation. Now, if a

low rate of interest be employed the net premium is larger than when a high rate of interest is assumed: consequently the difference between the net premium and the office premium is small and the provision for future expenses is also small. Again, if the rates of office premium, which the policy-holders actually pay, are low, the difference between the net premiums and the office premiums is once more small and the provision for future expenses relatively little. Both these causes exist in the case of the Clergy Mutual; for many policies its rates of premium are low, and, as the rate of interest assumed in the valuation is the extremely low one of 2½ per cent., the net premiums are high and thus for a double reason the provision for future expenses is small.

This by no means implies that the sources of surplus in the Clergy Mutual are small; indeed quite the reverse is the case. It holds funds sufficient to meet its liabilities if interest is earned upon them at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, but the interest actually earned upon the funds is about 3½ per cent., leaving a margin of 1½ per cent. per annum of the funds to accumulate annually for quinquennial distribution among the policy-holders. If a higher rate of interest than 2½ per cent. were assumed the surplus from interest would be a great deal less, although the provision for expenses, and consequently the surplus from this source would be slightly more. It is consequently to the advantage of policy-holders that the surplus from interest should be increased by the adoption of a low rate of interest in valuing the liabilities. Other points of importance in the selection of a Life office will be dealt with in a subsequent article.

#### A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: STONYHURST COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED ORIGINALLY AT S. OMER'S, 1592; TRANSFERRED TO BRUGES 1762 AND TO LIÈGE 1773; REOPENED AT STONYHURST 1794. RECTOR, FATHER J. BROWNE S.J.

FOUNDED by the notorious Father Robert Parsons, S.J. in 1592 for the sons of wealthy English Roman Catholics the College has had very varied fortunes, but has preserved continuity through them all and has now fully made good its title to be ranked as a public school of the first class: the Headmasters' Conference and the University Scholarship lists know Stonyhurst; to the British public at large its chief claim to reputation is still probably that it was the school of Roger Tichborne, that it was not, as the cross-examination of Lord Brampton, then Mr. Hawkins, conclusively proved, the school of the claimant Orton; we can remember hearing Lord Brampton recount the story how Orton had picked up somehow enough about the college to know that a favourite motto was "Laus Deo semper"—he had not picked up enough Latinity, as any real Stonyhurst boy would have done, to translate the motto otherwise than as "The laws of God for ever". But that is by the way.

The early days of the college were anything but rosy; the penal laws against Roman Catholics, which had led to the founding of the college, were enforced against it with bitterness by the British Government; bills of high treason were returned against parents who sent their children there; boys on their way there were captured by the Government and handed over to the English Archbishop to see what he could do with them, or thrown into prison.

On the other hand the local authorities viewed the college with suspicion, for the scholars remained sturdily English, and threw up their caps and cheered wildly at a victory of the English over the French, though this particular outburst caused Louis XIV.—all credit to him—nothing more than good-natured amusement. The scholastic framework of the school at S. Omer's was much what it has remained ever since. We find the quaint titles of the various forms, "Rhetoric", which corresponded to VI. Form;

\* Reference should be made to the "History of Stonyhurst College".



and "Poetry", "Syntax", "Grammar" and "Figures" for the other forms. The school was divided into two halves: "Higher Line" and "Lower Line", as at present. Science has now been introduced into the curriculum with much other modern knowledge, but the emphasis is still laid on philosophy and the classics.

It is not possible here to trace the political causes which led to the removals to Bruges and Liège. But in 1794 on the approach of the Revolutionary armies to Liège another flight became necessary. After much doubt and divided councils, an attempt having first been made to find a home in Bavaria, it was decided to throw the school on the mercies of the English Government. The voyage down the Meuse was exciting, the boats conveying the school only just forcing a way through before a pontoon bridge for the retreating army closed the way: eventually the scholars arrived at Rotterdam and got across to Harwich in the "John of Yarmouth". The authorities had had apparently no time to decide whether to take the establishment, but on arrival in London they were met with an offer by Mr. Weld of Lulworth, himself an old scholar in the Bruges days, of his Lancashire estate and mansion of Stonyhurst, which was thankfully accepted; and eventually "the children" after walking the last eighteen miles arrived at their future home so exhausted that they sat down on every doorstep, "perfectly indifferent to the stare of the inhabitants who surrounded them".

The present buildings constitute a noble home for a school; they have been added to but have all the grace and distinction of a fine English mansion house. There are large courtyards, imposing gateways, an avenue with a wide vista stretching from the main gateway entrance and flanked by fishponds, not to mention a formal garden, bowling-green and large surrounding property. The mansion has of course been much added to and enlarged, and in particular a fine chapel, whose architect clearly drew his inspiration from King's College Cambridge, has been added. The school is in healthy surroundings standing high on the slope of the Longridge Fells above the Hodder and the Ribble.

The numbers in the school are somewhat under 300, and the fees are somewhat lower than in public schools of a similar position, being 60 guineas for boys over fourteen, 50 guineas for boys under that age, and 45 guineas for boys at Hodder. The reason of this is that the largest proportion of the teaching work is still done by the Jesuits themselves, whose services are of course at the disposal of the Order without payment. The school curriculum is still a unified one, that is to say, subject to specialisation at the top, the basis of the curriculum is the same for all boys: there is no division into classical and modern. The backbone of the curriculum is the classics, but science is taught in all the higher forms, save to boys specially exempt, and class-drawing and music in the lower forms. Stonyhurst first came into connexion with the general education of the country by means of the London matriculation; now boys are prepared freely not only for the army and the navy, but also for the higher schools certificate, and for the Universities; while the College is recognised by the Conjoint Medical Board for instruction in preliminary studies. The breaking down in recent years of the embargo placed by the Church on Roman Catholics going to Oxford or Cambridge has done more than anything else to bring Stonyhurst into line with a public school of the ordinary type.

It is like, yet curiously unlike. Father Browne, the rector, who is responsible for the whole, though the supervision of the actual teaching is left to the Prefect of Studies, is peculiarly genial and unecclesiastical to look at, yet it is impossible to forget that he is a member of the Order the most potent engine for moulding character ever devised. The work and principles of the Order in that work of moulding are in evidence at every step. After visiting a school of the type of Shrewsbury, where artistic influences are almost ostentatiously disregarded, the presence of such influences at Stonyhurst strikes very strong; the original Rembrandts and Dürers and Murillos on the walls, the care and taste with which the boys' playrooms are furnished, the fact that music

is taught in school hours to a large portion of the school, the point made of dramatic representations by the boys for one another's amusement, all speak of the continuous influence of a system, a system not quite English, a system which knows and appreciates the value of art in life and the importance of its careful if silent development by external surroundings. In the unity of the school life, the system again speaks; under one common roof all live; there is no division into houses, nor are separate studies allowed, save indeed for the philosophers, who are really superior beings outside and beyond the school; they are of University age and are treated as men at the Universities, with separate rooms, liberty of action, freedom to smoke, and other grown-up privileges. But for the schoolboy the ideal is ordered daily life in common: there are three play-rooms for the big boys, the little boys, and those in the middle of the school. The senior boys' play-room is admirably furnished; it has flowers on the tables and Dürers on the walls. Then there are card-rooms and billiard-rooms, even ping-pong tables. Outside there is the usual accommodation for cricket and football, and an excellent large covered playground where football can be played in wet weather.

But the most typical and logical development of the system is the feature known at Stonyhurst as the "Prefects": these are not, as in most public schools, older boys, but men, Jesuits halfway through their course, and aged from twenty-four to thirty. They are about with the boys at all times, especially the smaller boys, taking part in all their games and social life. Father Browne's explanation was perfectly clear and simple: the idea underlying their use was that character is like a growing plant; in early years it requires support and training, a little later it can be left to stand alone.

The working of the system is observed in the curiously formed manners which Roman Catholic boys so trained bring with them to the Universities, making them often appear competent men of the world beside rather elephantine schoolboys. Are the effects of the system better on the whole or worse than those of the ordinary English public school, where authority does little more than keep the ring while character problems are fought out by each for himself? Who shall say? The effects must be and deserve to be closely studied before an answer can be given; the presence of Stonyhurst boys at the 'Varsities now makes such comparison inevitable.

#### STROLLS FROM PALL MALL: THEN AND NOW.—II.

IF we ramble towards the west from Pall Mall it is more easy to take the old bearings than on the eastward walk, but the suggestions of social evolution are everywhere even more conspicuous. Clubland has enlarged its borders, and the family mansion has been shifting from its former centre. In S. James' Square, though the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishop of London and the head of the Stanleys still occupy adjacent and hereditary tenements, other aristocrats have been elbowed out by the club, the Government office and even the wine merchant. To the south of it the Junior Carlton, a club of light and of leading, shows its long, narrow double front, between the street and the square: I believe the Guards had migrated from Ashley Gardens to Pall Mall before my time, but I have seen the reconstruction and sanitation of the War Office buildings, the start of the Marlborough, and the embellishment of Marlborough House, located like a Parisian Hotel, *entre cour et jardin*. S. James' Street is much as we see it in old prints, but the notable shop at the corner, with its antiquated drawings and grotesque caricatures, has departed. At the south-western corner opposite was started one of the first of the bachelor flats, and on comparatively simple lines. I remember the satisfaction with which an old friend moved into rooms looking right along Pall Mall, just before taking ship to die in Madeira. Since then the realm of gay and affluent bachelorhood, within sound of the chimes of S. James', Piccadilly, breaking troubled slumbers at unholy hours, has been altogether transformed. Private hotels and *recherché* French dining

houses are interspersed among showy lodgings with their electric bells and slipshod valets, dominated by towering blocks with luxurious suites of apartments. There, as in the other flats which scrape the skies out Knightsbridge way, you tread soft carpets, mount easy stairs, and may meet a neighbour's coffin on the landing, when you are receiving some ladies for a little "at home".

Castling back to S. James' Street, there is a touching souvenir of the eighteenth century in Lock's, the latter, with the unsophisticated get-up and the primitive green shutters. There are some of the fashionable gunmakers too, who affect the rough and ready. But generally in the last half-century the spirits of change and innovation have been abroad. The atmosphere of hyper-refinement has evaporated and the shades of Selwyn or Brummel or of Alvanley and D'Orsay would hardly recognise their favourite beat. Old private clubs, struggling with competition and financial difficulties, have widened their gates: Brooks', where, as they used to say, it always looked as if there was a corpse waiting for burial, has brightened and brushed up; the men of the bow window at White's are no longer the select coterie where Major Pendennis and Lord Colchicum displayed their white waistcoats; and Crockford's, after descending to the base uses of a public restaurant, is now the Devonshire, a cultured succursale of the Oxford and Cambridge. Other times, other manners; but even if our young men do not play deep, they are tempted to run long credits, and crossing Piccadilly we are in an eruption of military tailors, mingling with the surgeons of Savile Row—tailors who are said to compete with the money-lenders in giving long-credit customers temporary accommodation.

Turning back by Vigo Street to Piccadilly Circus, one may note the cloud that has fallen on the Albany since Macaulay gave his memorable breakfasts there, and it was the favourite retreat of the man-about-town, who only stretched his legs in an occasional saunter. Always gloomy, the lofty flats with their free lights and fresh air hit it hard. Going down Regent Street one misses the old Quadrant; its colonnades were always animated in the dreariest of days, though the society was decidedly mixed. Finally the shopkeepers came to the conclusion that the room of the Circes was better than their company. But municipal brooms made a cleaner sweep of the site of what is now Piccadilly Circus. Matters may be bad now of a night, but they were infinitely worse then. The Trocadero confronting the Criterion stands on the dancing floor of Bignold's Argyll Rooms, which nightly drew the golden youth and frail femininity as moths flutter to a lantern. The Rooms were always respectably conducted, but somewhere opposite, towards the head of the Haymarket, was the Piccadilly Saloon where the dance inclined to an orgy and rows were not infrequent. The amicable surveillance of the police was suggestive of New York and Tammany.

As the private banks are being swallowed by joint-stock enterprise, so the most celebrated shops of old have been suffering from co-operative competition. From Howell and James to Fortnum and Mason, they have been turning themselves into companies, limited. The shareholders have not always had cause to congratulate themselves. But it has been different with some of the old-fashioned hotels, which, reviving their youth and renewing their skins, seem more flourishing than ever. I shall always regret the transformation of Hatchett's—that famous old coaching house the "White Horse Cellar", with the boxes in the coffee room, where breakfasts were always served in a scramble, but where nevertheless the thin beefsteaks were succulent as the muffins from round the corner. Hatchett's took the lead in the revival of the stage coach, and some twenty years ago one used to see some six or eight well-appointed teams brought to the door at 11 sharp and all crowded with passengers. Hatchett's was to be renovated in due course, but the Berkeley, a little beyond, was I think the first of the restaurant-hotels which showed the way to the Savoy and the Cecil. I forget whether the set dinner was 5s. or 7s. 6d., but I know you got good value for your money. Though, by the way, I found I had rather put my foot in it, when

ordering for a party in a private room, I had the mauvais quart d'heure of settling the bill. Till they built the Walsingham on the opposite side, the street was little altered. At the corner looking out on Green Park was a bright and modest little office, occupied by the London agent of a firm of well-known Edinburgh wine merchants. But rents were rising, small folk were hustled out, and private residents were tempted to sell all along the line. The private hotel was fast developing in the side streets, and Clubland began to extend itself to the Far West. I believe it was the Junior Athenæum that first broke ground, from the literary point of view doomed to be a failure. It lay beyond the ordinary literary beats. The more easterly Savile was entirely successful, and then the S. James' was opened next door, under patronage of diplomatists, home and foreign, who said they had been swamped out of the Travellers', notwithstanding the formidable ordeal of the two black balls. It was a significant social sign when Cambridge House, where Lady Palmerston had kept the last of the Salons, passed into the occupation of the Naval and Military. Since then club has followed on club, each edifice more imposing than the other. With the growing traffic—even now there is continual block at the height of the season—the choke at the gut of Park Lane became intolerable, and the quiet cul-de-sac of Hamilton Place was breached. In Park Lane the millionaires were buying and rebuilding, though no mansion surpassed the grandeur of Dorchester House; and the Rothschilds' palace overtopped historical Apsley House, soaring skyward, when they could not buy out the Antrobus on the other side. Opposite Hyde Park Corner was another such clearance as had been made to the south of Trafalgar Square. The name of the Alexandra Hotel indicates the date of its erection. "Gates" and "Gardens" were being laid out everywhere fashionably, as habitable London was spreading towards the Cadogan and Chelsea quarters and the Cromwell Road. It is some forty years or more since we saw the opening of the South Kensington Museum, a centre of the ramifications of brand-new terraces and crescents. The colossal Albert Hall rose on the site of Gore House, where Lady Blessington and D'Orsay used to welcome their friends, and over the way was the Albert Memorial, with its blazonry of mosaics. D'Orsay would have shuddered at the thought of the Park, thrown open to cabs and all manner of vulgar vehicles, but he must have admitted that there has been vast improvement in the walks and drives, and though secular timber may have been rather recklessly felled, the masters of formal Dutch horticulture have brought the art nearly to perfection. Formal it is, but the massed blaze of harmonious colours in broad borders, sloped to show it to the best advantage, matches well with the stately sweep or straight lines of the surrounding buildings. The most inveterate growler over the picturesqueness of a vanished past must admit that "the Park" is a city Paradise.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### THE WORKS OF COSTA AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

THERE used to be matter for puzzlement in the rather special worship that attended the name and works of Giovanni Costa, and that reached a climax when one of his pictures, of his almost alone of living men, was carried straight into the National Gallery, without any of the usual purgatorial delays.

What was puzzling was not the existence of a circle of admirers, for the work had qualities deserving of admiration, but the fact that many, at least of the outer circle of the devoted, were people who displayed, in other cases, no great sensibility to landscape art; but in this case, from some centre undefined, the word had gone forth that Costa was not, shall we say? a "mere landscape-painter", but was "imaginative", "classic", "Greek" and a number of other meritorious things. In the circles of the New Gallery, to put it more concretely, and in the Italian palaces of London, artists, dilettanti, and honourable women not a few were numbered of the tribe of Costa, and his name was admitted and cherished where much greater names would have been coldly ruled out of the canon.



Italy;—that of course was part of the clue. Italy is the heaven of Englishmen. Only a few stay-at-homes forego or escape that glamour, and those who have once tasted it for ever after have divided minds, uneasy feet, and eyes filled with longing of the further shore: they must view not with a critic's but a lover's eyes any art that comes doubly recommended by beauty and by Italy. What appeal can a Crome, a Constable, a Steer make to those who are exiles in their native land? You may measure the attraction this summer by the fashionable crowds at the Siene exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Art has its little share in the attraction, no doubt; there are falterings of painter's speech, not without their charm, there is the breath of a sacred time, there is pleasant old gilding and bright illuminator's colour; but that is not what brings the sober-seeming English there. Nor is it the new science of attributions, as they pretend. They may affect to be incensed with one another in the mighty feud between a Berenson and a Langton Douglas as to whether this or the other first detected and isolated the particular stammer of Sassetta; but really they are there to remember Zion. They have hung, among mighty pots of flowers, in a balcony-garden above the wonderful starfish of that town; it is one of the mansions in Paradise, and nothing of Siena can they consider alien or less than divine. The least of her painters will serve them for a pledge as well as Jacopo della Quercia or Vecchieta.

That—the Italian stamp—was one of the visés on Costa's passport, but it was not all. The fascinating story of his life has just been published at length\* and we see how much the character of the man must have counted, and not only his character, but his deeds and legend, for he was a hero of the Risorgimento. Then enter to him another fascinating person, Leighton, young, brilliant, handsome, ardent. Leighton becomes his disciple and his missionary, and the pleasant infection spreads till the cult is threatened by the inevitable touch of excess and caricature. Sir W. B. Richmond is swift to supply it. For the Englishman hastening to Italy, poor France is at best no more than an impatient railway journey, at the worst she is a centre of plague-striking influences, and an all-seeing eye has observed that "Paris is wrapped in the continuous darkness of a moral fog" (Letter to Costa, p. 259). O white, O candid Albion! "Do not forget", the adjuration follows, "your promise to exhibit at the Salon next year. We at least who strive for sincere art ought to show the International public Idealism as opposed to Gold". Costa himself, of course, was very happy in the miasma of Paris and Fontainebleau. Generously welcomed by Corot and his circle, hung next a Whistler among the Refusés, he received even more than was his due, and played the student rather than the prig.

The courageous fighter and eager artist is dead, and by the piety of their owners a number of his works has been on view at the Water Colour Society's gallery concurrently with the publication of this record. When we look at the works without consideration of the names and places that give so many literary openings (haunting names like "Ad Fontem Aricinum") we find that what Costa attempted was to introduce English and French landscape into Italy. Costa will not rank among the great landscape painters of the world, but into the hot vulgarity of his country's modern painting, its theatrical history and lascivious religious art, he brought something of gravity, pure air and country peace. He had no great plastic power, nothing like the sculptural sense of his friend Leighton, witness the "Nymph" on which he worked for so many years; nor was he a sure designer, witness that picture again, with its tree-trunks, and the meagre and broken line of his mountains. Yet he was much preoccupied with the build of his pictures, and the instinct of impressionistic composition that shapes the picture to the vision affected him when he adopted the long low canvas as his characteristic form. This was the shape in which he had learned to see the far-stretching Campagna and views of sea-coast and river-mouth. Mason borrowed the shape from him,

and it passed to others. His chief gift was for fresh aerial tones, and his chief successes when he combined his study of these with a breadth in their distinction, not carrying the subdivisions too far. Corot gave him a hint about that, and when this decision of tones accompanied his definite method of painting the result was a beautiful quality of paint. This is to be found rather in small pieces and studies than in large pictures. The "Red Cart" is perhaps the best of all, like a young Corot, others are the "Carrara Mountains, Dawn" (6), "Threshing in the Campagna" (14), "Gombo, near Pisa" (123) and "Oak Trees, France" (92) with its fine sky. Leighton adopted Costa's method, which is explained at length in the book, and the head of Costa, painted after this fashion, is one of his best portraits.

"La France se renouvelle toujours" was the title Costa gave to his "Nymph" in 1870. The landscape art of France passed beyond his sympathies, perhaps, at its next renewing. Some examples of that narrow and intense stage have been exhibited lately in Paris, namely Claude Monet's views of the Thames. For several years in succession he has painted two views of the river, one from the Savoy Hotel looking towards Waterloo Bridge, the other looking up to the Houses of Parliament. It is interesting to compare this series with the work even of so modern a predecessor as Constable. Constable's "Waterloo Bridge" was the work of many years of his life, a single synthetic composition, built up from studies. Monet gives us a breathless series of effects, in the course of which Waterloo Bridge occasionally, with the aid of gleams on the river and clouds of steam, settles into a satisfactory arrangement; the other view, to my eye at least, never. Studies of this kind, in the scramble of their execution, can obviously never have the qualities of deliberate build and execution, and can hardly, on this scale, have the beauty proper to the sketch, in oil or water colour. But we must take artists as we find them; and the narrow, devouring interest of Monet could express itself in no other way. Throwing all his baggage to the wolves of time he does reach the particular goal of the breathless race for which he strips; a Vicat Cole, surrounded by all the regulation portman-teaux, remains seated in the cloak-room.

There is an outlying gallery in Bayswater (Mr. Baillie's, at 2 Prince's Terrace) where some interesting work has been shown during the last two years. Mr. Gordon Craig's theatrical designs, for example, have been on view, and more recently pictures by Mr. Cayley Robinson. Mr. Robinson's work is familiar at Suffolk Street, but these later designs were more impressive. They spring very distinctly from Blake, and continue certain of his motives, that of rigidly seated figures with fixed gaze—that of the pains of space and height; but it is not everyone who can bring back again that spirit, and in the "Stargazers" of Mr. Robinson, and the "Ballast", the narrow level of a beach and towering side of a ship with figures hoisting stones, the power of making a little space of paper big and intense was very marked. Only some fragments of this exhibition remain, and I recall it to excuse my enforced neglect. My immediate duty is to mark the very distinct advance of an artist who has not before stood out very clearly in the lists, Mr. Walter Bayes. I drew attention to a little oil-picture of his at the Academy last year, but did not connect it with water-colours at the Old Society, which I had seen from time to time, but classed vaguely as those of a follower of Mr. Lionel Smythe. That was perhaps a little unjust, because when examined away from that comparison they show much felicity in the drawing of parts and close study of general effect. What I think was wrong was the attempt to carry through those high-pitched effects on a large scale of water-colour. The blue of a river, for instance, in one of them is perhaps not too blue for truth, but too blue for the pleasure of the paper and the pigment. It is like a confession wrung out on the rack. The present exhibition illustrates in a remarkable way the influence of material. Mr. Bayes has cut loose suddenly from water-colour and taken up pastel. With this in his hand he reveals himself as a vigorous draughtsman, with a vein of drama, of poetry and irony, that was

\* "Giovanni Costa: his Life, Work, and Times." By Oliver Rossetti Agresti. London: Grant Richards. 1904. 21s. net.

quite unsuspected. Unsuspected not quite as a potentiality, for I happened to have tracked Mr. Bayes as a critic in some brilliant unsigned articles, and had some measure of his ideas; but ideas, and what the colours and the paper and the little tyrannies of methods of work and habit of subject allow the artist to do are very different things. The artist has now found another outlet, and everyone who has seen these pastels will look with the greatest interest for the sequel.

D. S. MACCOLL.

### A PANACEA.

**S**PARE me the task of reviewing the past season. I hate, especially in the dawn of a vacation, to be pessimistic; and what else could I be if I recalled the immediate past? So let me imagine some other kind of immediate past—a kind that would justify me in optimism. Let me compile for you the pleasant history of what might, and ought to, have happened, as though it really and truly had been happening. . . .

*Extract from "The Court Circular" for 1 April, 1904*

"This morning His Majesty received in audience the Earl of Clarendon (Lord Chamberlain), Mr. George Alexander Redford (Examiner of Plays), and the members of the London County Council committee for the licensing of theatres.

"In the evening His Majesty presided over the thirty-seventh annual dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund."

*Extract from report in "Daily Telegraph" of Actors' Benevolent Fund Dinner.*

. . . "His Majesty, who was looking (if we may say so without disrespect) the picture of health, had, with that unerring tact and kind-heartedness which have so endeared him to his subjects, elected to aptly signify his interest in things appertaining to the theatre by appearing simply attired in the costume affected by the wealthier section of playgoers. On rising to graciously propose the toast of the evening, the King was received with a ringing volley of loyal applause. His Majesty said 'My lords and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I am here to-night. I am myself a playgoer of many years' standing. I regard the theatre as a great possible factor in the intellectual life of my subjects. But I regret to say that the theatre does not fulfil its function in this respect. We have no serious drama, and there seems to be no prospect of our getting a serious drama. The few playhouses not yet given over to a certain vile and degrading form of entertainment—I refer, my lords and gentlemen, to musical comedy—offer us plays which have little or no perceptible relation to the realities of life. How different it is in a neighbouring country with which I may boast a close connexion—I refer, my lords and gentlemen, to Germany. There we find Sudermann, Hauptmann, and many other scarcely less serious playwrights; and we find that they (whom I am proud to claim as, in a sense, my compatriots) are intensely popular, and are rivalled in popularity only by Ibsen, Björnson, and other alien masters. Why this distressing difference between Germans and Englishmen? Why should they, in relation to the theatre, be joyfully serious, whilst we are dully frivolous? These are not new questions. For years past, there has been a great deal of talk on this subject. But none of the talkers has done anything. I, my lords and gentlemen, propose to do something. Since my accession, I have footed it, to the national good, in statecraft and in diplomacy. I am now going to exercise a not, I hope, less beneficent influence on art. I have decided that all the theatres in my kingdom shall be closed forthwith, for a period of ten years. In that drastic interval the public will, I earnestly hope, lose its taste for musical comedy, and be, when once more the doors of the theatres are thrown open to it, patient of what we call the legitimate drama. Hitherto that term "legitimate" has hardly been deserved. But I think that ten years hence there may be a crop of plays to deserve it. Our dramatists will have had plenty of time in which to live—to observe life. They will have

returned to their work like giants refreshed. They will have returned joyously realising that there is an outer world to be mirrored by their art. Some of them, of course, will never return. No matter. We can well spare those who have not the true vocation. It may be objected that, in the drastic interval, the mimes will forget their technique. Let them. It is much more important that they should have time to observe their fellow-creatures than that they should continue to be elaborately unlike their fellow-creatures. Better a knowing amateur than an ignorant professional. Nor will there be anything to prevent our mimes, ten years hence, from acquiring gradually a new technique, founded on actuality. My lords and gentlemen, I have done. It only remains for me to say that the new regulations will be enforced with all possible despatch. I give the managers three days' grace. On the fourth day the official seals will be affixed to the various portals. I raise my glass and drink continued prosperity to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, on whose resources may my decision bring no undue strain'."

*Extract from leading article in same issue.*

"His Majesty the King, with his unfailing grip of all that is essential to the welfare of his lieges, foreshadowed last night a scheme which must meet with the hearty approval of all thinking men and women. It is a policy grounded on principles which we ourselves have implicitly advocated for many years. Now that his Majesty the King, with that peculiar courage and sagacity which" . . .

*Extract from resolution passed unanimously by meeting of theatrical managers, Sir Henry Irving in the chair, 3 April.*

. . . "and that we humbly beg to assure His Majesty of our loyal appreciation of this the latest and not least of the many evidences of His Majesty's gracious interest in our calling" . . .

*Extract from "World", 4 April.*

"Our readers will regret to learn that Mr. William Archer, so long endeared to them by his whole-hearted faith in the steady progress of modern dramatic art, is seriously indisposed."

*Extract from "Daily Telegraph", 5 April.*

"The unfailing kindness and thoughtfulness of His Majesty the King were never more felicitously manifested than when he consented, despite the pressure of those numerous other duties which he indefatigably fulfils, to close some of the principal theatres in person. Yesterday forenoon His Majesty, in the presence of a large and brilliant assembly, performed this picturesque old ceremony successively at Wyndham's Theatre and the New Theatre, affixing the seals with his own hand. Afterwards, he honoured Sir Charles Wyndham with his presence at luncheon, which was served in a marquee erected in the Charing Cross Road."

*Paragraph in "Daily Telegraph", 15 April.*

"Some affecting scenes were witnessed yesterday at Liverpool Docks, where many actors, actresses, playwrights, costumiers, wigmakers, dramatic critics and refreshment contractors were waiting to embark on the emigrant ship. It was noticeable that, though there were many tear-stained faces in the crowd, and many 'longing lingering looks' were cast back at the old country, not a man or woman uttered a word of complaint. As the great ship sailed majestically out of port, the emigrants were heard to sing 'God Save the King'." . . .

*Paragraph in "World", 18 April.*

"At the moment of going to press we learn that Mr. William Archer has passed a fairly good night. The fever has somewhat abated, and there is a marked improvement in his general condition. The patient is said to be determined, in the event of his recovery, to remain on British territory."



*Paragraph in "Daily Telegraph", 19 April.*

"It is pleasant to find that among the dramatists who are remaining among us are Captains Robert Marshall and Basil Hood, both of whom have just been regazetted into their former regiments. Mr. Hubert Henry Davis has entered his name as a candidate for matriculation at one of the colleges of Cambridge. Mr. H. V. Esmond has been sent to an excellent preparatory school."

*Paragraph in "The World", 25 April.*

"Yesterday morning, Mr. William Archer, who is now happily convalescent, took up his position at the door of one of our leading theatres. He informs us from his camp-stool that since his recovery from his severe illness he is inclined to modify his previous convictions. 'It may be', he says with characteristic honesty, 'that all was not so well with the British drama as I had surmised'. At the same time, he is confident of the future, and looks keenly forward, though without impatience, to the evening of 15 May, 1914, the date fixed for the next production."

MAX BEERBOHM.

## A COUNTRY CANON.

SITTING on a felled tree in the Weald of Kent we listened to a Rustic. We listened very contentedly; for the sun shone, and the wind did not reach us under the lee of the firs, and birds whistled, and round the edges of the clearing rabbits appeared, discussing us in whispers for a while and then suddenly flickering over the banks with an afterglow of white tail. And we looked, from our seat, down over the Rother Levels to where the sun glinted on Rye Bay, and we asked for nothing better.

Our Rustic's talk that morning was not of marvels. He had such in store, but now, as he chopped and ranged and bound his faggots, he told us a plain tale. For, leaving out many digressions and elucidatory episodes, it amounted to this. That he and a party of friends went to the Zoo: that they saw the elephant: that they disputed as to the height of the beast: that our Rustic guessed it to an inch. And the reason he gave for his success was this. "You see, Sir, anywhere I go, I always carry a fourteen-foot hop-pole in my eye." This startling statement, springing like a cock-pheasant from the rustling undergrowth of his talk, gave us pause for a moment. We imagined a worse than Chinese torture. We recalled that picture of Lucas Kranach's of the Mote and the Beam where the operating oculist, a most literal Beam some thirty foot long by two square projecting from his right eye, extracts with an oyster knife the mote from his brother's eye. He meanwhile stands timid, dreading the knife, dreading far more the super-imminent two tons of timber. But we soon recognised our friend's meaning, and congratulated him on the possession of a very valuable asset. What more useful could he have who moved among hayricks and mixens and turnip-clamps, than a mental standard by which to abide in such ordinary cases, and which he could apply, put case he met an elephant, to what was exotic and new? And, sauntering home, a slight shadow fell on our content. For it occurred to us that we had no such standard; that, confront us with the unexpected, and so ready and correct an appraisal was not to be hoped for. To us, dealing in lighter wares, the *είδωλον* of a fourteen-foot pole would have been an encumbrance; but had we, for those wares, any analogous standard?

We do not mean so much for important questions of morals. For these we have a sort of rule, though apparently it differs somewhat from other people's. This difference however we gladly attribute to their using another metric system. We and they mean the same thing, though we express ourselves in good feet and inches, and they muddle along with millimètres. Nor could we dare to wish for the sad strange knowledge of Browning's Lazarus. That belongs to him "that died o' Wednesday".

We only wished to "know what's what and that's as high as metaphysick wit can fly", and so be saved from

making blunders in judgment about new things. (Doubtless there is nothing new, but new to us.) If a poem or a picture unlike any we know confronted us, we wanted to be able to form a working hypothesis of it, without eavesdropping about at the heels of connoisseurs for a fortnight to know what we ought to think. When they asked Congreve about the "Beggar's Opera", he delivered, from the sign of the "Jumping Cat", the oracle "That it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly". The great Mr. Congreve could perhaps afford this sort of thing. We can't.

If on our morning walk to "the shop", we see a bit of bric-a-brac and fall in love with everything about it but its price: and after months of hankering, we smother our sense of economy, "Those things are always property, &c.", and sally out to buy it: and meet Marks at the door, who really knows, and, like the Curious Impertinent, insist on his giving an opinion: and he says it is a worthless imitation of a bad model: what happens? The shopman loses a customer, Marks loses his temper (on being called a amytoor by the said shopman) and we lose all faith in our judgment, and all hope of ever possessing that peerless pot.

Last year, our comfort was much impaired by meeting with a statement for which we had no hop-pole. For years we had inhabited an universe which was, we were told, infinite. We made no attempt to comprehend infinity, though in our more enlightened moments, with almost Balfourian certainty, we imagined that we dimly apprehended what the word as used was meant to imply. Anyway we knew that we were in the middle of the said infinity. Comes a learned man of science, and preaches the finity of the universe! Robs us of our only certainty, our centrality! We would give quite a large sum for a hop-pole which should prove to us the truth of this suggestion, or point out that Dr. Wallace was laughing at us.

In politics again, we suffer small agonies. Not in ordinary times, when we vote with our party, or for "the wise Mr. Freeman the grave Mr. Tonson, nay for the great Sir Thomas Truby, K<sup>t</sup>. and Bar<sup>t</sup>., and my young master the Squire who shall one day be Lord of this manor", but when leaflets litter our lanes and make God's acre look like the Green Park on a Whit Tuesday, when canvassers crawl in our chambers, and a great question is in the air. Yesterday it was Home Rule, to-day it is Fiscal Reform, to-morrow it will be—what it must. Pundits differ, deducing from identical premises diametrically opposed conclusions. News-papers, like Herr Paulus, "certainly do pretend—tremendous". We cannot trust them. The question is admittedly difficult, and we have neither talents, time nor taste for studying it. How can we decide? And yet we shall have to do so. "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité", says Gallio. But he would, did he know the canvasser; had he heard, as we have, the quite dreadful things said of those who, from a morbid conscientiousness, refuse to vote on a matter they do not understand. For the canvasser, however various his other opinions, is unanimous in agreeing that the whole duty of man is to vote. On the canvasser's side si possit. Si non vote on the other and he will let you alone. But should you refuse, he will give you no peace till polling-day, and will despise you for ever. The writer, who is no politician, begs to enter a mild but solemn protest against the dogma "It is the duty of every qualified man to record his vote". It is, not to put too fine a point on it, a Lie. If a man purchase a game licence, is he bound to shoot? A dog licence, is he bound to keep a dog? The converse of these propositions is what is true. If a man wish to shoot or keep a dog, he must get a licence, if he wish to record his vote he must qualify. Nine times out of ten his qualification has come to him, not by special desire like his gun licence, but through a house, in which he lives because it is his own, or because he likes it, or because he cannot find a house he does like. But let him refuse to vote, and he is called "Evil beast," "Slowbelly". The joke he does not understand, it pains him very much.

Did we find a hop-pole with which to fathom the question we would arise and vote like men. Lacking it, we are called sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, &c. Our

poor wheels are overturned, and, worst of all, the canvasser does not exit in a transport of philanthropy, but remains to preach.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE "SACRUM COMMERCIIUM".

M. Paul Sabatier, in his reply to our review of Canon Rawnsley's translation of the "*Sacrum Commertium*", persists in believing that the correct translation of "*existimantes questum esse pietatem*" is "who have made of begging an act of piety". He apparently does not deny that the words have been taken from 1 Tim. vi. 5, and that they there signify "supposing gain to be godliness", but he considers that the author, while quoting the text literally, put upon it a wholly different construction. And while enunciating a view contrary to the elements of language and all the probabilities, he has also the hardihood to reprove us for our want of serenity and scientific method. His forced translation were easily confuted: he believes that the "*Sacrum Commertium*" was written by a Minister General of the Order in the year succeeding S. Francis' death: the great glory of the Order at that time, its test of piety, was precisely begging: but M. Sabatier's translation would make the head of the Franciscans speak of begging in terms of withering contempt and condemnation. Surely it is obvious to an unprejudiced intellect—we invite opinions—that the pious Franciscan author is condemning gain, and not the corner-stone of his Institute. Père Edouard d'Alençon, in his edition of the "*Sacrum Commertium*", also publishes in parallel columns an early fifteenth-century Italian version from Codex B. 131 of the Vallicellian Library. It is written in the rudest Italian, and teems with fantastic errors of translation. M. Sabatier points out to us that the translator translates, like himself, "*questum*" as "begging". It would be tedious, but not difficult, to convict the translator of little Scripture and less Latin, but it is easy enough to account for his error: the Italian word "*questua*" signifies the begging of that particular friar who is told off to beg, and to this half-educated friar "*questum*" naturally becomes "*questua*". But M. Sabatier, having delved out of the middle ages a companion in error, goes upon his way rejoicing in the name of serenity and scientific methods of criticism. As well take the faulty translation of a classic and seek to establish therefrom the true meaning of the original.

M. Sabatier calls our attention to the concluding portion of Chapter XI. as the text in which we may find the Lady Poverty speaking of men who have been her first spouses after Christ and the Apostles. We find no such matter in this chapter, but shall be pleased to discuss the point with him if he will amend his reference. It is obvious that S. Francis appears only once in this allegory, and then accompanied by his first disciples. The Lady Poverty has no word of reproof for them, but only of commendation, whereas if the situation were as M. Sabatier imagines it, S. Francis would have had to appear upon the scene at least a second time to hear the rebuke and condemnation of his relaxed and recalcitrant friars. At the same time we invite M. Sabatier to prove, positively, what in his letter he again positively asserts, that Giovanni Parenti is the author of the allegory, and will he, or Canon Rawnsley, be kind enough to inform us how the words "*questum esse pietatem*" come to be italicised in the text of this version?

In conclusion we would beg leave to inform M. Sabatier that there is no Monsieur X. behind our article, but that for "*honorable contradicteur*" he has this Review itself and not an individual. Our name is sufficient guarantee that he has not to fear any undue Irish, Papistical, Jesuit or orthodox Franciscan influences. We are concerned with fact alone: if facts make for the contentions of Irishmen, Papists, Jesuits or Franciscans we accept them cheerfully. But a writer's prejudices are as much a matter of fact as his mistranslations or false dates, and no cunningly invoked appeal to serenity and science, no deprecatory outcry against our drastic and outspoken methods, can

turn us aside from the crusade for objective truth to which we are so conspicuously pledged by the programme of this REVIEW. ED. S.R.

### THE DUNDONALD AFFAIR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your criticism of the Dundonald case is very true as regards the feeling of the bulk of the Canadian people, Conservatives and many Liberals alike deploring the incident.

The Earl of Dundonald had a plan for raising the people of Canada to a higher standard of self-respecting manhood by making them able to defend themselves and resist encroachments from a certain nation (which shall be nameless); whereas now they will sink down again to the state of a parasite, hiding themselves for protection beneath the skirts of a more businesslike and strenuous nation. The Liberal party is, unfortunately, in the hands of a demagogue who appeals to the parsimonious instincts of a certain class of Canadians whence he draws the majority of his votes. This demagogue is shrewd and unscrupulous and a danger to the Empire. Canadians may be sacrificed by him as were the loyal American colonists by a set of firebrand demagogues in 1776, who thirsted for power, fame, and the gold to fill their own pockets. We do not think, however, that as yet he can lead Canadians by the nose as Washington did the British colonists. Nevertheless, strenuous, noble-minded, businesslike Englishmen like Earl Grey and the Earl of Dundonald are not wanted while we have demagogue Lauriers and Bourrassas in power.—Yours &c. LOYALIST.

### ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C., 11 July, 1904.

SIR,—Mr. Adkins discusses the possible means of promoting intelligence in boys and girls (between the ages of eight and fourteen?). If he or anyone else, following perhaps the lines he has already suggested, can produce a final treatise on the subject he should save us years of experiment. At present our comprehension of that particular period of childhood is as vague and fumbling as were, before the time of Froebel, the theories as to the proper education of young children. I consider that as regards the treatment of young intelligence our infant schools are many stages in advance of the upper departments. It does not seem to me however that an education code can yet be formed sufficiently elastic for the application of Mr. Adkins' views as expressed in his last letter. Nor do I think that State teachers, as a class, have reached the stage when they should be left to work according to their individual opinions.

You yourself sir, in a leading article, advert with equal pertinence to the great responsibility of the Training Colleges. I imagine that the authorities there must realise very clearly that in this matter of national education they are not solving a riddle but supervising a development. The abstract personality of the State Teacher is progressing towards maturity as a social force. It is the business of the Training Colleges to see that this growth is as healthy and rapid as may be. In short they must keep pace with the times. To mention a single point of many that occur to me; it seems time that the prospective head teacher was taken more seriously. The Head Teacher is a far more important citizen than he was thirty years ago, and thirty years hence his influence will no doubt have extended proportionately further. Already he has to set the policy of a school as large as Eton, sometimes to lead a staff of experienced assistants, and make his personality a decisive factor in the prosperity of his district. Such responsibilities demand preparation beyond any mere class-room experience. An efficient assistant can become an execrable head, set a school staff by the ears, and retard the educational progress of a whole neighbourhood. If first-class Civil Servants, and if commissioned officers of the army of the navy and of the mercantile marine all need to be examined for promotion on subjects distinct from their subordinate experience, surely State Teachers are in the



same case. A few years of satisfactory service might well qualify an assistant teacher to spend a month or so at a Training College on full pay acquiring a promotion certificate.

I think it should be among the duties of Training College authorities to watch for such necessities as this, and to obtain permission to deal with them. But the teachers themselves are no less responsible for their own progress. They demand professional status, and full discretionary powers. They have first to justify themselves as educated men, and as expert Guardians of the State child. They should produce their specialists on child psychology, on the economics of employment, on thrift, on philanthropy, on each of their varied activities. They should make themselves the recognised authorities on all those social aspects of our cities and villages which lie outside the sphere of the clergyman and the doctor. The peculiar nature of their duties is I think likely to prevent their ever enjoying the "honourable obscurity of municipal officials". But if they can become articulate, if they can learn to present their own accounts to the public, they should soon escape from the fetters of Code and Inspection.—Yours, &c.

EDWARD HOUGHTON.

### THE MAKING OF TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Educational experts” speak of the making of teachers. They mean putting half-educated young persons through a course of instruction in the stock “methods” of communicating to children information that the teachers themselves may or may not possess. Seldom if ever do the parchment-bearers understand the place of their little learning in the sum total of human knowledge. Intelligent children are as bored by their witlessness as an intelligent man might be with a sixpenny encyclopædia. Training and subject-drill can no more develop the essentials in a teacher than can a strop put a fine edge on poor soft metal. The chosen for elementary teaching are not commonly endowed with the essentials, viz.: character, alertness, systematised knowledge. The circumstances in which all classes of teachers work are not such as to encourage our men of parts to enter or endure the profession. The demand of the teaching profession is now as always, “Give me men”. Mr. Faunthorpe is indeed happy if for so long a span he has supplied Davids to the Philistine Goliaths of School-Boarddom. His letter, however, scarcely makes it plain that his Davids have taken off the heads of the defunct giants. Nevertheless a belief in the finality of the fool and the rope may be excused in AN UNTRAINED TEACHER.

### THE EAST-ENDER IN KENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

64 Burgate Street, Canterbury, 21 July, 1904.

SIR,—May I remind your readers that each September a piece of work is being carried on in the county of Kent which has a very considerable influence upon the slum population of East London? Every year tens of thousands of hop-pickers from the metropolis flood our villages with a mass of humanity. Everybody now recognises the importance of making special efforts to deal with these people. It is seen that the month in the country gives the one effective opportunity of the year for improving the physical and moral condition of the East-Enders. With this object a social and religious organisation has been set on foot which touches every part of life in the “hopper’s” encampment. Services, lantern lectures, reading rooms, grocery and coffee stalls, nursing agencies are only some of the means which are used for this purpose, with a result that drunkenness and vice have diminished very considerably, and bid fair to grow still less. The C.E.T.S. sent thirty workers into the hop gardens last year, and hopes to do so this year.

We should be grateful for any contributions which may be sent to enable us to do this more effectively.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE B. CHARLES, Clerical Secretary  
Canterbury Diocesan C.E.T.S.

## REVIEWS.

### THE ISLAND POET.

“Alfred Tennyson.” By A. C. Benson. London: Methuen. 1904. 3s. 6d.

“An Introduction to the Poems of Tennyson.” By H. Van Dyke. London: Ginn. 1903. 2s. net.

NOW that we are getting Tennyson into a right perspective, his claims to greatness are seen to rest on two facts. He is of all modern poets the most thoroughly English in grain, and he is the only poet of whom in any large sense it may be said that he carried down into the nineteenth century the main stream of English poetic tradition. These two salient merits of Tennyson have been overlaid and obscured by the many who persist in admiring his work on grounds that are really extraneous. Professor Van Dyke, whose essays are excellent in many points of detail, begins by saying of Tennyson that “it is doubtful whether any other writer during the last hundred years has reflected so clearly and so broadly, in verse or prose, the features of that composite age”. This in our opinion is ridiculous as a point d’appui for the due appreciation of Tennyson’s art. It is of course true that if we want to catch the outward life and movement, the surface ripples, of the Victorian age, we turn to Tennyson for the simple reason that Tennyson is as various and voluminous in his matter as he is versatile in his technique. Moreover, during the latter part of his career, he seems to have conceived it the duty of a Laureate to be as it were the conscious mirror of his age, to keep in touch with the nation and write verse from civic motives. Though averse in his habits from what is called society, he was mentally quite in the swim of his period and his class, and there is scarcely a topic at all likely to have animated the dinner table of any comfortable rectory that is not represented in his poetry. This however is quite a different thing from saying that he represents his age. He does not represent his age in any profound sense, because he acquiesces in it so entirely. A poet must get underneath, behind, outside his age, if he is to convert it into the deeper kind of poetry. The later “Locksley Hall”, though it is meant to suggest a prophet at war with his generation, nobody can take seriously. At the top flight of the rhetoric, the fiercest swing of the metre, the thoughts are a triumphal progress of banality. Collective denunciation of one’s own age, of its manners, morals, and politics, has always been fashionable, and offends even less than it convinces. “Locksley Hall Sixty Years After” is significant because it shows more obviously, if not more clearly, than other poems how unbalanced, how fragmentary and lacking in unity of thought Tennyson really was, whenever he set out to philosophise. And there can be no doubt that Tennyson took himself seriously as a thinker. There is something almost quaint in the excrescence, throughout that remarkable mixture of poems the “In Memoriam”, of bits of current geology and chemistry, the latest platitudes (amazed at their own daring) of insular theology and insular scepticism, the little crude touches of metaphysic. In the use Tennyson makes of such things we are struck by the utter absence of vital continuity, of grip. He caught the flotsam of contemporary science and speculation, and he worked it up into his verse after a fashion that is marvellously unconvincing if only by reason of his technical mastery in the verse itself. Writers and speakers who have this knack of capturing odds and ends of thought quite impartially, as it were—whose order of mind is receptive rather than intense—never fail to win a popular repute as “broad” thinkers, and the “In Memoriam” is still regarded by many worthy people as a really cosmic utterance in the philosophy of religion. Taken in bulk, as a piece of thought, the “In Memoriam” is little else than a reflex of one period, and a superficial reflex at that. Phases of popular thought and feeling, however transient, are often interesting and can become, for genius, the matter of art. But Tennyson in this respect was no artist. He had neither the clear intellectuality of a Matthew Arnold, who read in the voices of his own time only new accents of the universal

cry, nor the transfusing and subtle vision of a Dickens, who could fix the most ephemeral of oddities in terms of sheer humanity. In one regard only can Tennyson be said to typify, in any coherent way, the thought of his time. He is rich in that peculiar vein of sentimentalism which apparently runs through nearly all expressions of serious thought in the Victorian age. A certain suspicion of sugariness in his pathos, and an irritating respectability (suggestive of well-kept lawns, family pews, and shocked dowagers) that nowhere seems to strike Tennyson as incompatible with poetry, are alike thoroughly characteristic of Victorian art. In reading the "Idylls of the King", it is true, we must make allowance, as in all self-conscious epic, for the loss of atmosphere, the passage from open air to a rather stuffy if beautiful chamber. But Vergil, though he uses Homer as material for quite a different kind of art, cannot be said to emasculate the story of the Iliad, and even the sententious abstractions which in Milton do duty for man and angels are masculine enough in their bloodless way. That Tennyson emasculated the genius of Malory is painfully evident. Mr. Benson emphasises Tennyson's humour, and thinks the dialect poems show how strong the sense of humour was in him. Whatever may be thought of the dialect poems, the poems in general seem to us conspicuously significant of a lack of humour. Humour, in a poet, need not imply the gift of writing what are called "humorous" poems, but it does imply a fine perception which preserves him from all tinge of cant or conventional emotion; and it cannot be said that Tennyson ever rises above the conventional either in the thoughts or in the emotions that make up the stuff of his more studiously "modern" verse.

Whether Tennyson in his later and inferior work had an eye on his public is a point which does not concern us. Mr. Benson is at pains to repudiate the suggestion, but the true defence (which Mr. Benson does not employ) is surely in the fact that Tennyson at no time proved himself superior, intellectually, to what we call his inferior work. It is rather misleading to speak of a "decline" in Tennyson's art. The failures of Tennyson were due to his choice of wrong subjects. When all is said about technique in poetry, about melody, inspiration and what not, it remains a fact that to be a very great poet a man must be interested in really profound and important things, and intellectually able to cope, beyond other men, with such things. However well a poet, in earlier years, may have written of Aphrodite, of night, or of waterfalls, there must come a time when human life confronts him as an immensity, calling for some kind of response. The supreme test of a poet—the test that Keats and Shelley almost but not quite escaped—is only applied when we see whether he hears this call, and how, hearing it, he responds. Every really great genius must develop to a Hamlet of some sort. If the poet, as he grows older, feels the need for interpreting human life, attempts to interpret it, and in the attempt proves to others (if not to himself) that he has nothing personal to say, it is foolish to call this a decline in his art. He has only proved the limitations of his art. Of Tennyson this is strikingly true. Browning and Matthew Arnold, who had Tennyson's world to brood upon, are never so strong—we do not say so beautiful—as when they touch the depths of their own life. Where they are strongest, Tennyson is weakest. The salvation of much in Tennyson's later work is his scholarship. Poets who like Tennyson lack the grasp and depth that are necessary for success in big, constructive works are often tempted to go on writing those most pitiful of all things in literature—juvenilia without the vernal passion. From such a fate, in the main, Tennyson was saved by his marvellous scholarship. There, after all, lay his real gift, and he retained it to the last. His lines to Vergil are quite late, and they are exquisite. In the technique that comes of deliberation Tennyson, among the English poets, has no serious rival but Milton. Pope and Gray were supreme technicians, but within so narrow a range, comparatively speaking, that we cannot fairly include them. Tennyson is a poet not only by vocation, but also by profession. He sings because he must, no doubt, but it is also true that he sings equally well

about anything, so long as he refrains from all attempt at new thought. This is what we mean by saying that he alone carried down the main stream of English poetic tradition. He alone in his time had the professional touch—what in painting we should call the touch of the master brushman—and all little poets imitated him because he was obviously the one person supremely skilled in modelling new forms of language at once beautiful and correct. Other poets of the century—Browning, Coleridge, Arnold, Rossetti, Swinburne—uttered verse, for the reason, primarily, that they had some thought, or religion, or physical rapture which compelled utterance. The confused voices of a transitional, unquiet world speak through them. To each came a style of his own, but the style of each is applicable only to his own thoughts. Tennyson had style, in the general sense, for his first care, and enlarged the resources of the language as applied to every common object under the sun. His expression is level, rounded, placid, imitable. Of such a poet as Mr. Swinburne no parody could be done without perversion of the real thing, and a comic effect. A parody of Tennyson could be quite accurate, yet not in the least comic. To see why it is that a clever schoolboy can imitate to the life the manner of Cicero in Latin prose is to see precisely where the genius of Cicero, and the limitations of Cicero, lie. To Tennyson the same thing applies exactly. Our affections, of course, go out to the poets who stir our hearts by something peculiar to themselves. But conventions, in writing as in painting, are necessary, and to have renewed and enriched by sheer craftsmanship the valuable conventions of a language is an enduring title to fame. The fame of Tennyson, like the fame of Cicero, is of this order.

It is something, too, even in a poet, to be characteristically English. Contempt of the French is not of necessity a poetic merit, we admit, but if Tennyson had been less insular we should probably have lost descriptive vignettes that are simply unique. To quote is needless. Everybody knows what we mean by the peculiar charm of English sky and trees, lawns and towers, hedgerows, birds, and summer gardens; and the poet who has described them one and all, in perfect little pictures, perfect alike in atmosphere and in delicate detail, is Tennyson. He is thoroughly English even in his classical poems. His Ulysses is a sort of mystically-minded Raleigh. The charm of his style in such a poem as "Lucretius" is very largely due, in our opinion, to the mixture he achieves of classical and English idiom—a mixture often subtly disguised, but curiously effective. Tennyson does not, in such poems, exceed the classical range of thought as Matthew Arnold, notwithstanding his classical form, exceeds it. But Tennyson far surpasses Matthew Arnold in the original mastery he shows in incorporating the ancient with the English genius of expression.

With Tennyson Mr. Benson, as we should expect from our knowledge of his own verse, is thoroughly at home both as disciple and as critic. As critic, indeed, he is marked by refreshing candour and a surprising penetration. His lapses into gush are infrequent, and the sketches of Tennyson as a personality are at once vivid and judicious. Professor Van Dyke's little essays are for the "student". They rise considerably above the line of ordinary academic criticism and are packed with matter quite good of its kind. There is a certain American earnestness in the treatment, and phrases like "the tropical iridescence of decadent erotomania" are much too eloquent, but in a Professor of English literature anything that savours of vigour is to be welcomed.

#### THE GREAT GENERALISER.

"Life and Letters of Henri Taine." Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Westminster: Constable. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS second volume of Henri Taine's letters and memoirs, which is pleasantly and adequately translated, brings us from 1853 up to the outbreak of the Franco-German war when he was in the maturity of his talent and at the height of his reputation.



During this period the persistent and pitiless intellectual labour to which he had subjected himself in his youth told so severely upon his frame that for long stretches of time he had almost entirely to forgo mental application. But in spite of all obstacles his literary output was vast including the monograph on Livy, the philosophical treatise (we had almost said "system") "De l'Intelligence" and the great work on English literature, to say nothing of essays, travels and books on art. In spite of the bitter opposition of the more orthodox members of the Académie Française, which deprived the "Littérature Anglaise" of the prize which it deserved, his position rapidly became assured in intellectual circles, and long before the close of this period he was recognised as one of the most distinguished among living Frenchmen. These letters will throw little new light upon Taine's mind or character for those who have studied his works. No criticism or opposition made him vary the system which he developed as the result of convictions early formed and to which he adapted every branch of his investigations in history, art and philosophy. The course of these early studies may be followed in the first volume of this work and in this we see the development of it on perfectly normal lines. The result of this three years devoted to the *Ecole de Médecine* and mathematical analysis is "a mass of generalising method, of an exact categorical and closely-knit system which he applies to everything and which guides him even in his most distant literary excursions". Sainte-Beuve's criticisms of his contemporaries were rarely at fault and his views on Taine's methods, which we quote above, are singularly borne out by these letters. The dominating idea is "to get at the right formula" to "hit upon a characteristic and dominant trait from which the whole can be geometrically deduced". These words of Taine himself in a letter to Cornélis de Witt in 1853 show clearly that the basis upon which he constructed all his work was laid when he was still in comparatively early life. It is easy to see how such a system may lead its inventor astray, it may and does cause him to forget that man differs from man in a nation as widely as one nation differs from another but there is no denying the effectiveness of the process within limits when you have once established your formula. We may take two remarkably illuminating passages from these letters to show with what accuracy Taine deduced at times the distinguishing features of a people at a particular epoch. Writing to a friend in 1867 he says of his own country "In my opinion our rôle is over, at least temporarily, the future belongs to Prussia, the United States and England. . . . The peasants have become much richer in the last twenty years, they have acquired land, paid off almost all their mortgages and bought a few railway shares. They are contracting certain middle-class ideas, indulging in some comforts, limiting the number of their children, thinking of the future, and beginning to read the paper. A mass of this kind is far more difficult to set in motion and to impel to self-sacrifice than it would have been sixty years ago". This diagnosis of the French was absolutely true at the time it was written and is equally so to-day but it is the shrewd judgment of a contemporary observer and cannot be attributed only to his philosophy of history. The same may be said of the remarkable analysis of the German character and the reasons for its transformation in recent years which will be found on p. 299 of this book. We have not space to quote it but it is well worth reading for (as his criticisms of his own nation) it is even truer to-day than it was thirty-five years ago. These views about contemporary peoples were the results of laborious observation and note-taking aided by keen analytical faculties and an extraordinary gift of brilliant generalisation which reached its zenith in the "Origines de la France contemporaine", the work of his later years. In those remarkable volumes the curious may trace the results of Taine's historical method applied with rigorous exactitude.

There is a singularly interesting letter in this collection written to an anonymous correspondent, from which it is abundantly clear that Taine held his method applicable to every kind of literary production, to that of novels no less than of philosophies and histories. Indeed he would appear to have thought the novelist's

career the most distinguished open to man. "If I had to choose", he writes, "for someone between all the advantages of fortune, power, success, rest and friendship, I would have none of them, I would wish him to be an artist, a writer rather than a painter, a novelist rather than a writer, and I should consider that for him and for others I could choose nothing better or more beautiful. Neither do I think I could choose anything more consoling. The only thing which can take a mind away from itself and absorb it is a system". He then goes on to lay down rules for learning to write dialogue or narrative. Here surely the system is pushed to excess and bent to bear a burden it cannot properly sustain?

It is incredible that anyone can become a true novelist without special faculties. No doubt by laborious application novels may be produced which will satisfy the demands of common sense and proportion but they will not therefore be novels that anybody will care to read. Taine himself tried to write a novel and compiled several chapters but had the sense to see that his work lay elsewhere. The first faculty necessary for making a really readable novel is clearly that of narration but Taine undoubtedly held Stendhal a much greater novelist than Walter Scott because he devoted himself to the scientific investigations of the human heart, "he treated sentiments as they ought to be treated as a naturalist and a physician making classifications and weighing forces". The passage from which we have extracted the above will be found in the famous Introduction to the "History of English Literature", but it illustrates the view enunciated in this letter and demonstrates the curious results, even for a great mind, of the ruthless application of the same rigorous system to every branch of literature. For Taine himself was forced to recognise that Stendhal was "incoherent and obscure, unconvincing and wanting in weight". Something, therefore, more than analytical power and scientific observation is necessary in the novelist's trade.

We have cited two instances of Taine's powers of generalisation as applied to contemporary history. But, if his system gives satisfactory results when the acute reasoner can check deductions by personal observation, we may cite a further passage in which it is made clear that the pursuit of a formula, to which in considering the career of nations everything must be subordinated, will lead to hypotheses unwarranted by full consideration of all the facts. In a letter written in 1854 Taine sums up the Italian society of the sixteenth century as "an assemblage of ferocious brutes with passionate imaginations. They had no wit, no grace, no ease, no gentleness, no ideas, no philosophy. . . . This is why invention in their pictures is poor, composition lacking, great ideas invariably absent and types very far from Greek nobility and beauty". Although it is perfectly true that this scathing criticism gives the unlovely side of the Italian Renaissance in its maturity there is not a single one among this string of violent propositions that could not be successfully controverted. It is incredible that a student who had read the sonnets of Michael Angelo for instance could have made these sweeping charges, and what account did he take of the women of the Renaissance, of Isabella d'Este "la prima donna del mondo" or of her sister Beatrice, of Olympia Morata and Renée of Ferrara? Surely, if Taine had studied the strange and subtle conceptions of Leonardo he might have found psychology enough in the Renaissance painter to modify a view which seems to us barren and narrow enough when applied to history and grievously so when applied to art. Taine even went so far as to prefer John Martin's "Last Judgment" to Michael Angelo's! and going to Italy for a few weeks he published two volumes embodying his theory of Italian art in a series of fascinating generalisations which every intelligent person reads with interest but few with acquiescence. While recognising the extraordinary capacity of this traveller who saw so much in so short a time and described so brilliantly, no one can fail to recognise the cramping effect of the formula which he invents everywhere to explain what he sees. With such views about the men and women of the Renaissance he necessarily could!

not criticise satisfactorily the art of that many-sided epoch.

In dealing at some length with Taine's methods of criticism we may seem to have wandered from the letters themselves, but the reader will find that their burden is mainly the development of his theories in the books he produced at this period. They contain no contemporary gossip and have little interest outside of the writer's own work. Although the impartial critic must regret many of his results he will welcome this further contribution to our knowledge of a strenuous and noble career, nor would we ignore the light thrown by these letters on Taine's great capacity for friendship, his modesty in the face of all reasonable criticism, and his fortitude under injustice. Regarded purely as a correspondent Taine does not shine as he shines in his books; his letters will be read for the light they throw on his methods rather than for any intrinsic charm.

#### THE ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

"Gunpowder and Ammunition: their Origin and Progress." By Lieut.-Col. Hime, late Royal Artillery. London: Longmans. 1904. 9s. net.

COLONEL HIME'S name is well known amongst those who make a study of military subjects by his many contributions in former days to professional literature. To the general public he has given proofs of his versatility in writings, ranging from quaternions to army reform. Now he once more breaks silence to astonish us by a knowledge of chemistry, languages, and general history unsuspected by those who do not know the man. It has become the fashion to deride the stupid officer and more especially the regimental officer. Yet here is one who served throughout his career almost entirely with the men, and who is clearly possessed of brain and learning sufficient in any other profession to have covered him with honours and distinction. Why when such intellects were to be utilised should it have been left to a German firm to supply us with modern guns? We have often of late given the answer. Whether east or west of Suez, private theatricals and polo playing paid better than industry. A few weeks in Egypt or the North-West Frontier as an aide-de-camp was worth many hours of laborious plodding on parade grounds or patient and lonely studies. So a man like Colonel Hime is pushed out of the service by others with qualities more adapted to Capuan conditions. Yet his brain and intellect have not submitted to the decrees that could deal with his promotion. Like the old war horse he hears the trumpet, and flings himself into the *mêlée* to show the younger generation that there were brains in the army even before the "brain of the army" had been created and to vindicate the claim of a great Englishman to be the discoverer of gunpowder. In order to establish the right of Roger Bacon to that honour it was necessary to prove that the properties of saltpetre were unknown to the ancients of all races, and to this task our author has addressed himself in a fashion that should leave no pretensions unexamined and no spot in the field of research unexplored. He has begun with the very earliest times, and shows an acquaintance with the classics, with Sanscrit, Syriac, and foreign languages generally, which enables him to quote all authorities at first hand. His professional training stands him in good stead here, and he avoids pitfalls which writers less well acquainted with the nature of explosives have fallen into. The Greeks and their formidable fire, the despair and envy of the middle ages, are first called as witnesses. The discovery of saltpetre is dated at the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Marcus Græcus is next shown to have been a shadow rather than a personality. His recipes, in part at any rate, are proved to have been elaborated long after his death, and the inventions made to bear his name rightly classed amongst incendiaries and not amongst explosives. If Colonel Hime's conclusions be accepted, the difficulties raised by the hypothesis of a Greek original of the treatise ascribed to him vanish. The *Liber Ignium* was written at a period when literary forgeries were the vogue. Rockets and

Roman candles, toys compared with cannon, were understood, but such fireworks were not explosives. The ingredients of the future gunpowder are to be found in the 12th and 13th recipes of the book, but they did not explode and are therefore no more the real article than a chrysalis is a butterfly. "Marcus Græcus" may have described an explosion, but that is no proof that one occurred.

But the Arabs who assisted in the compilation of the *Liber Ignium* may have been, it is contended, the source from which it sprang, and it becomes necessary therefore to consider the incendiary compositions which owe origin to them. The Crusaders were assailed by "Greek" fire and believed that the powers of darkness fought against them. But if the Arabs had possessed an explosive in the thirteenth century the fact would have been known to their alchemists, who show no such knowledge. True the words "musket" and "cannon" have foolishly been inserted into narratives of their fighting, but these words mean bows, fire arrows, and such machines, and no more imply firearms than the Scriptures when they tell us that "Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad", 1 Samuel xx. 40, mean us to believe that he handed him a 15-pounder. The Hindus are called next, and again it is shown that had the discovery of gunpowder taken place in India, it must have produced some effects which would have been traceable at the present day. Sanscrit would have coined a word for saltpetre, but it possessed none. Bows would have gone out of fashion as they did in Europe. Fortifications would have been modified to meet the increased power of attack. We should expect to find relics of old firearms. As it was the first guns and gunpowder used in India came from the West, through Afghanistan to Upper India, and to Western India from off ships. Incendiary compositions in fact pursued much the same course in Upper India as in Greece and Arabia. The battle of Panipat (April 21, 1526) furnishes us with the first trustworthy evidence of an explosive in the East Indies. It may fairly be contended that not only was gunpowder not invented by the Hindus but its discovery by them would have fallen little short of a miracle. The extinction of Buddhism in the ninth century, and the consequent establishment of a dominant priestly caste, were a deathblow to the cultivation of physical science. Caste trampled on the spirit of investigation. Early Indian gunpowder is in short a fiction.

The Chinese remain to be dealt with. A tradition that they were the inventors of gunpowder in some forgotten past still lingers. Most things amongst the Celestials are credited with a very great antiquity, and it is not singular that gunpowder should be treated like the rest. Chinese annals give no traces of the existence of gunpowder in very early times, there is nothing in the military history of China to lead us to suppose that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries such an explosive existed there. Catapults, and fire arrows, and incendiary compositions were freely used, but not until the fifteenth century do we meet with gunpowder and cannon amongst them. Colonel Hime agrees with Gibbon in repudiating the Chinese claim, but he does so more decidedly, because he knows more than Gibbon, who wrote before certain facts were brought to light of which we are now in possession.

Thus we get to Roger Bacon, and the culminating point of the argument. To bring on the tapis anything in the nature of an anagram connected with the name of Bacon is bold indeed just now. But Colonel Hime has no qualms. He has elucidated a steganogram contained in his "*Epistola de secretis operibus*" which is decisive. Bacon pretended he was writing recipes for the preparation of gold. In reality it was with gunpowder he was dealing. Possessed of this key as were those to whom he intended to address himself, what has puzzled readers as senseless gibberish becomes of the very highest interest and value. He probably stumbled accidentally on the great discovery, but he was determined the secret of the preparation of the explosive that had shattered his laboratory should not be lost. And so he buried it deliberately in a heap of nonsense about chalk and cheese and Tagus sand. He wrote for the benefit of men of science. The mob who scoffed at philosophers were to have no share in



his wisdom. And so his recipe for the explosive which has revolutionised the world was hidden till our author brought it to light.

By patient and merciless siftings and examinations such as resemble those of a stern cross-examiner in a court of justice the truth is won. Bacon is established securely on his pedestal and no man after reading these pages can doubt but that he discovered gunpowder.

Here one object of Colonel Hime's book is accomplished but another even more dear to him remained. There are those who have denied that Shrapnel was the inventor of the projectile that bears his name. Now it is the proud boast of our Artillery that one of their number it was who gave this great improvement to military science. Colonel Hime has little difficulty in showing that Zimmermann's invention was not what we know as shrapnel at all. His bursting charge was at a maximum and was intended to propel the bullets which he added to the contents of his shell. Shrapnel's principle was merely to release the bullets from an envelope, and to let them derive their velocity from the gun. The two systems have no analogy, and to a British gunner must belong the honour of inventing the projectile field artillery now relies on. But readers civilian as well as military should read the book for the quaint and delightful glimpses of old-world methods with which it is filled, and will revel in the antiquarian flavour of a really scientific work.

#### INSIDE AN OLD MONASTERY.

"English Monastic Life." By Abbot Gasquet. London: Methuen. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

ABBOT GASQUET has elsewhere dealt with the controversial side of his subject, and exposed the incredible lying of bluff Harry's commissioners, who first turned the cowls adrift and then blackened them hopelessly with a credulous and scandal-loving posterity. Here he gives an uncoloured and almost dry account of the daily routine of a monk's life. The mixture of idealism and common sense which characterised the middle ages breathes through every detail of the Customals, from the laying out of the buildings, with a view both to symbolism and to sanitation, to the direction to the almoner to keep always a good store of socks, woollen clothing, and other necessities of life, so that if peradventure Christ Jesus Himself were at any time to come to the convent gate in the guise of a poor, naked and hungry man He might not have to depart from His own house unfed or unclothed. The four cooks round the pot-au-feu are to say the Divine Office till the water boils: which reminds us of the way in which eggs on Mount Athos are boiled while two pistevos (the Nicene Creed) are recited. Every member of the great family, from abbot down to mustardarius, turn-broach and pudding-wife, had each duty carefully thought out and minutely laid down, but always with a suggestion of spiritual motive. Even the kitcheners was to be "a truly religious man, just, upright, gentle, patient and trustworthy . . . a consoler of those in affliction, a refuge to those who are sick, the hope and aid of all in the monastery", while those who wait at table were to act as though they were waiting on our Lord. Yet the rule was without any tinge of sentimentality. Corporal punishments—as in our colleges down to 1854—were prescribed, and a general air of scrubbing-brush and cheeriness pervaded a religious house. People get their idea of claustral gloom from the dreary, blackened look of some cloisters now—those of Westminster, for instance—once a hive of life, but now cold and deserted, a silent walk of graves. We do not understand why Dom Gasquet apologises for the tokens of reverence which were to be paid to the abbot's office as "the representative of Christ in the midst of the brethren". For instance, "when the abbot makes a mistake and, according to religious custom, stoops to touch the ground as a penance, those near about him rise and bow to him, as if to prevent him in this act of humiliation". He thinks such usages will seem ridiculous to modern ideas. We are not careful of modern ideas; but from those moderns who do not love modern ideas—and they are many—a sweet action like that

described will elicit something very different from a guffaw. Many other acts of delicate consideration are prescribed in the Customals, especially in the treatment of sick brethren and those on whom the strain and monotony of cloistered life were telling.

We are not concerned here with the question of monastic vows or with the greater or less success with which human frailty lived up to the evangelical pattern. As love grew cold, there came to be many buzzing and droning monks and some who were worse, but the ordinary religious if he was not a S. Francis was not a Friar Tuck or Simon the Cellarer either. And to the average man rules of life are a real spiritual assistance. Primitive Christianity was ascetic but not monastic; and the earlier or Egyptian monasticism was rather eremitical than conventual. The Pachomian monks had no common life, and fasted or practised austerities as they pleased, each *magnus athleta* trying to establish an ascetic "record". With S. Benedict, however, came in the dedicated Family, living in obedience and according to rule, each member contributing his talent to the welfare of the whole. Which is nearer the ideal of the Gospel, that regulated life or the liberty of the individual to work out his salvation in his own way? There is much to be said for "freedom"; and yet in 999 cases out of 1,000 it means, at the best, muddling through life's great business "somehow". Then there is the Little Gidding plan, and again the Third Order of S. Francis, combining the secular and regular lives.

This volume is the more valuable for several ground plans, carefully drawn by Mr. Harold Brakespear, and maps showing the distribution of the various Orders, as well as a list of some two thousand English and Welsh Houses. Their statutes did not differ greatly. By-the-bye, we are told that an abbot at his installation was to present himself at the church door, walking with bare feet. Dom Gasquet is probably aware that the old rubrics prescribe that kings also shall proceed to their sacring "barefote", but this meant wearing buskins only, "without shoon". A regal consecration resembles closely that of a bishop.

#### NOVELS.

"The Crossing." By Winston Churchill. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

One imagines, had one the ability to interpret, that "The Crossing" should have some extrinsic value as a testament to American taste in letters. It comes as the successor to works whose circulation is reckoned in parts of a million, and therefore represents the literary leanings of a very extensive public, of a more extensive public, indeed, than any aspiring novelist, unless a man of genius, can very creditably possess. Confronted by such evidence of popularity, one might mournfully reflect on such works as "The Crossing" representing an almost immeasurable decline of taste in the United States during the last two generations. But post-humous fame is a deceptive standard, and though Nathaniel Hawthorne had he lived to-day would probably have appealed to fewer readers than in the eighteen-fifties the difference would not accurately measure a deterioration in American intelligence. For Mr. Winston Churchill is not in the direct descent from Hawthorne or from Poe; his forefathers were John Pendleton Kennedy, the Rev. William Ware, and William Gilmore Simms, worthies who in their time only missed an amazing public, because the public lacked, in those fortunate days, either the learning or the leisure to read, but who surely would, had they been our contemporaries, have fluttered the circulation of the libraries, or stimulated purchases at those establishments where the author of the hour is "given away" as a lure to the adventurous buyer. "The Crossing" is indeed a very manifest descendant of "Horse-Shoe Robinson", and there is anodyne for those who despair of posterity in the oblivion in which is lost the very title of a work once so belauded. Like that dead romance of the Southern Revolution, "The Crossing" makes a very national appeal. The historians of that period, even of American persuasion, do not paint the anti-British patriotism of the Southern States in the perfervid fashion of the modern novelist. The

letters of Greene and of Washington, forced almost to despair by the declining power of Congress and the supine indifference of the revolted provinces, are a ruthless commentary on the enthusiasm which the patriotic bombast of "The Crossing" implies. "I have lost all confidence in the justice and rectitude of Congress", Greene wrote in 1780, forced by unscrupulous intrigue to resign his post; "honest intentions and faithful services are but a poor shield against the machinations of men without principles, honour, or modesty". Such a damnation by an American of Americans for Americans can be quoted where British commentary would for American readers have no value. The book, had it shown less exuberance and more address in flattery, would conceivably have had not only a larger historical consequence, but might have touched some more enduring quality in the American people than self-gratulation. If tribute has to be paid in American novels to American determination it could have been paid more gracefully and more effectively by depicting the spirit of those days and places as it really was—the dull apathy to the conception of a Republic, the strong material craving for security and prosperity, the corruption and venality of those in authority—than by painting with such melodramatic fervour glowing impossibilities of feeling in the common people, and a continuity of aim in those who directed them. Not that indeed it matters. "The Crossing" is merely a piece of the glorified commonplace: there is not a page of it that suggests that higher plane of art where romance becomes reality by its inherent reckoning. There is in it neither the breath of life nor the savour of past days. Its appeal must be to the unintelligent, and it is of very little consequence what that appeal may be.

"The Making of a Man: a Novel." By E. H. Lacon Watson. London: Brown, Langham. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Swinburne has told us in unforgettable lines of the things that went to the making of man; but he spoke generally, and here the novelist speaks particularly, for if we are to take his title as applying to one character more than another it is to be presumed that it applies to Sugden, the engagingly pleasant, plodding young barrister. Time and grief had little to do with his "making"; he just fulfilled his destiny in a happy, hard-working fashion. The two other most notable men of the book are rather "unmade" in the course of the story—one is a strong doctor "with a past", and the other a weakling poet who "sniffed at vice and daring not to snap" did hope for immortality as writer of erotic verse. These two are strongly drawn but end in violent melodrama, such as somewhat mars the impression of a story which gives evidence of both observation and insight on the part of its author. Life at a country rectory is very pleasantly sketched, but the reader is left with a certain dissatisfaction at the small active part which the womenfolk are made to play in the drama, although the various manifestations of man's love for woman form no inconsiderable portion of the subject-matter of the story.

"How Tyson Came Home." By William H. Rideing. London: Lane. 1904. 6s.

Tyson was something of a cad is one of our principal feelings on closing this book, though the author who seems to consider him a fine fellow may be surprised to hear it; the other feeling is that of amusement at the partly futile, partly farcical attempt to delineate the English "Society" into which Tyson dropped when he "came home". Tyson was a cad because he left a sister in the workhouse in England, yet made no very strenuous efforts on her behalf until he could seek her out as a man of vast means; he was a cad because when he came home principally to look for her he postponed the quest while he enjoyed himself in noble "society"; he was a cad because while he had left America, more or less committed to Nona, he wooed a bishop's daughter in England, and then with no very adequate explanation to her he returned to America and in the fulness of time married Nona. His heroics on finding his disgraced sister as lady's maid in the house in which he was staying and his noble behaviour over certain mine shares do not wipe out the impression he had made. The pretentious style in which the author often indulges makes his story intolerable to us.

"The Honourable Bill." By Fox Russell. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1904. 6s.

This is a very readable book, written by one who knows his subject thoroughly. We could have wished that the hero, in all other respects an excellent sportsman, had not shown such unfeigned pleasure in shooting pheasants on 1 October. Much, however, may be forgiven to a man who had sweltered among the Congo swamps for several years. It seems to us tolerably certain that this novel will be read with pleasure by many who can appreciate a wholesome and sportsman-like book.

#### THE HUMANITIES.

"The Odyssey of Homer in English Verse." By Arthur S. Way. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s. net.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers, in one of his many eloquent passages, refers to the language of Homer in the following terms: "What words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys?" Herein lie at once the fascination and the difficulty of the translator's task. Specially is this true of the Odyssey, with its old-world atmosphere of fairyland and romance. Worsley, we thought, had done all that was possible; Butcher and Lang broke fresh ground with their noble prose; but Mr. Way is at least the peer of either, and many would give him the supremacy. The long rolling measure, with its haunting rhymes, goes far to solve the first question that presents itself to the translator, how best to reproduce to English ears

"The surge and thunder of the Odyssey".

Mr. Way's is a Swinburnian metre handled with Swinburnian grace and facility. His diction is virile, and his reproduction of the Homeric idioms and turns of thought most masterly, but we are inclined to think that the "ocean-roll of rhythm" counts more in an estimate of a translation of Homer than anything. Of course this is a third edition, and those who have known the work in its earlier forms require no further recommendation. So far as we can see, the revision has been successful, though some may doubt its necessity. Of that the author is probably the best judge. There are many to whom the "labor limæ" is a fearful joy. But for the sake of those to whom this book is a new thing, we venture to quote a few lines at random. Mark his opening—

"The hero of craft-renown, O song-goddess, chant me his fame,  
Who, when low he had laid Troy-town, unto many a far land  
came,  
And many a city beheld he, and knew the hearts of their  
folk,  
And by woes of the sea was unquelled, o'er the rock of his  
spirit that broke."

We may note specially here the admirable rendering of "πολύτροπον", and the skilful expansion of the metaphor in "ὄν κατὰ θυμόν". Nausicaa, most charming of all Homer's women, thus speaks of Odysseus when he has bathed and clad himself after his shipwreck—

"For he seemed erewhile unto me uncomely of favour and  
mean,  
But now he is like to the gods that dwell in the Heaven-dome  
wide.  
I were fain that a man such as he might one day call me his  
bride."

Surely a most apt expression of the brave virginal frankness of a primitive princess. Want of space unfortunately forbids further quotation, but anyone who studies this work of Mr. Way's will, if a Greek scholar, find continued pleasure in noting beauties of expression and happy renderings, while he who has no Greek will know, if never before, what manner of stuff it is which we are replacing with natural science and electric engineering.

"The Poems of Gaius Valerius Catullus." By F. W. Cornish. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Cornish has done his work well, and produced a careful text, excellent critical notes, and a smooth and graceful prose version. We presume that he has fulfilled the purpose he set before him, but it is hard to say what that purpose was. No mere prose can do anything like justice to an inspired lyric like Catullus, and the amount of taste and scholarship lavished on the volume renders impossible the suggestion of a "crib". To Mr. Cornish apparently the text is the thing, but for one translation of Catullus there are so many excellent critical editions, that one's attention inevitably is drawn to the former. Mr. Cornish's prose does all that can be done in prose, presents the style and thought of the original faithfully, and gives an idea of his language and power of expression. But the spirit, the lyric spirit that makes him the Latin Burns, is

(Continued on page 118.)



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inevitably wanting. However, Mr. Cornish has chosen prose as his medium, and no doubt he has good and sufficient reasons. Setting aside the service he has done to our poet by presenting a capital text, he has rendered that text faithfully and well, and the book will doubtless be helpful and stimulating to advanced students. It is a piece of work which would do credit to any scholar, and, as such, deserves careful consideration.

We are always grateful to anyone who brings Catullus to the front, for he is undoubtedly in the very first rank of Latin poets, though his claims are too often ignored in favour of others less worthy of pre-eminence.

"The *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles." Abridged from the larger edition of Sir Richard C. Jebb by E. S. Shuckburgh. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1904. 4s.

Professor Jebb's monumental "*Sophocles*" is by now so well and widely known for its scholarship erudition and taste that it is unnecessary to dwell thereon in the limits of a short notice. The abridgment for the use of schools by Mr. Shuckburgh is an excellent and successful example of a very difficult class of work. He has given us of the best—a sound introduction with a masterly grasp of the psychology of the poet, a brief but satisfactory account of the making of the text, which is almost entirely that of Jebb, and a very useful analysis of the metres and of the construction of the drama. When we add excellent and illuminating notes, selected with happy discrimination from the larger work, it will be seen that it is, of its kind, a perfect piece of editing. Of course one misses the beauty and lucidity of Jebb's prose translation; that is inevitable. But what may be considered the salient feature of the original work, the knack of going straight to the root of a problem, and brushing away all unnecessary conjecture, that is found in great measure in the abridged edition. That alone will make the book of enormous value for the purposes for which it is intended.

"*Demosthenes on the Crown*." Edited by William Watson Goodwin. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1904. 6s.

This edition is an abridgment for the use of schools of the larger book of Professor Goodwin, and would seem to be a very excellent piece of work. There are few Greek authors who present so many and various difficulties to younger scholars as does Demosthenes, and even to maturer minds the prospect of a passage for "*Unseen*", from one of the Private Oration in particular, would not be inviting. Close-reasoned thought, rhetorically expressed, and combined with a profusion of historical allusion and a fine display of legal acumen, combine to render him a difficult author to expound. But Professor Goodwin has risen ably to the occasion in his larger work, and has skilfully condensed into this smaller book the results of his scholarship and research. In addition to a sound text and very clear footnotes, which convey exactly the right amount of assistance for boys, the present edition's most interesting features are an analysis of the argument of the speech, an historical sketch from the accession of Philip down to Chæroneia, and a full elucidation of the troublesome "*γραφὴ παρανόμων*". It is altogether excellently done, and will be invaluable in schools, to masters and boys alike.

"*Myths from Pindar*." Chosen and edited by H. R. King. London: Bell. 1904. 2s. 6d. net.

This dainty volume, with its artistic photographs of the statues of gods and heroes, and its general air of an "*édition de luxe*" in miniature, is dangerous in its tendencies, as are all attempts to induce the average schoolboy to approach the study of classical authors by any "*primrose path*". Such a book, surely, would have found its fitting environment among the more cultured scholars of "the Rev. Otto Rose's establishment at Twickenham", where the pupils, as we learn from Thackeray, "wore varnished boots from the earliest period of youth, had cambric handkerchiefs and lemon-coloured gloves . . . dressed regularly for dinner, had shawl dressing-gowns, fires in their bedrooms, and oil for their hair". But it is far "too bright and good" for the ordinary "human boy" of this matter-of-fact age. We forecast with a shudder the plight of the book at half-term with its pictures turned into caricatures of the masters by the addition of cap and gown, ginger whiskers, and a clay-pipe upside down in the left corner of the mouth.

Mr. King's aim, as revealed in the preface, is kindly, but mistaken. It is kindly to think to smooth away difficulties from the thorny path of the Fifth Form; it is mistaken to imagine that pictures, elaborate selections, and Anthonian notes are really serving any sound purpose. "To stimulate the imagination and strengthen the love of literature" is what every schoolmaster desires to do with his boys; to do so "rather than to train the mind in verbal accuracy, or to educate it to the mastery of difficulties" is surely to begin your "*edification*" at the top story.

"The Thesmophoriazuse of Aristophanes." By Benjamin Bickley Rogers. London: Bell. 1904. 7s. 6d.

We welcome gladly the completion of Vol. IV. of this unique work. Unique, because it combines as no other

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the resolution, which after some discussion was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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Listing Forms may be had on application.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.  
21st July, 1904.

**CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.**

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London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.  
21st July, 1904.

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By Order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.  
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**ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.**

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All Coupons presented at the last Address as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to deduction of 1s. in the £, the deduction being made on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the £.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.  
21st July, 1904.



# THE NEW AFRICAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS and STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS as at 31st December, 1903.

### DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, P.C., &c.  
Sir CHARLES EUAN SMITH, K.C.B., C.S.I., &c.  
BARON DE LA CHEVRELIERE.  
ALBERT L. OCHS, Esq.  
THOMAS F. DALGLISH, Esq.

### MANAGERS.

Messrs. OCHS BROTHERS (London and Paris).

### GENERAL STAFF.

JOHANNESBURG: THE LONDON AND SOUTH AFRICAN AGENCY,  
LIMITED, Agents. W. McALLUM, D. R. WARDROP, Joint  
Managers. E. WENZ, R. RECKNAGEL, Technical Staff. Paris: JOHN  
A. WHITE, Administrateur Délégué.

### CONSULTING ENGINEERS.

LONDON: ALEXANDER HILL and STEWART.

LONDON: THOMAS DAY, Secretary.

### JOHANNESBURG OFFICE.

OCEANA BUILDINGS.

### PARIS OFFICE.

7 RUE MEYERBEER.

### REGISTERED AND HEAD OFFICE.

34 CLEMENTS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, to be submitted to the Tenth Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, to be held in London on the 28th day of July, 1904.

The Directors have the pleasure to place before the Shareholders the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the financial year ended the 31st December, 1903, showing a debit balance of £31,936 4s., arising from the low quotations of the marketable assets of the Company prevailing at the end of the year. Deducting this sum from the amount carried forward from the previous year, there still remains a balance to the credit of Profit and Loss Account of £19,014 15s. The Directors do not propose, for the present, to make any distribution of profits. They are glad, however, to report that the prospects of the Company's general assets are satisfactory, and that, in particular, the Company's undertakings in Egypt and Abyssinia have shown remarkable development, which should materially improve the Company's position.

**TRANSVAAL.**—In the Transvaal the business of the Company has suffered—in common with all other South African concerns—from the depressed state of affairs prevailing during the past financial year.

The London and South African Agency, in which this Company participates with the Oceana Consolidated Company, is now firmly established in Johannesburg, and, with the co-operation of a competent technical staff, is securing its due share of suitable business on the Rand.

In this connection the shareholders' attention is drawn to the annexed particulars of the New South Rand Company which has recently been incorporated in association with the New African Company. This enterprise is likely to attract much attention, and if the boreholes confirm the theory of the Mining Experts, practically a new blanket goldfield will be disclosed on the land controlled by the Company.

The recent reports of the Welgedacht Company have shown that the reef turns round the farm in a southerly direction with corresponding benefit to the value of that Company's property.

**MOZAMBIQUE.**—With regard to the Mozambique Company, in which this Company has now a substantial interest, the Board of the new African Company are well satisfied with their investment. As soon as normal railway rates between Beira and Rhodesia are restored, at the end of this year, the port of Beira should experience a large expansion of commerce; moreover, apart from the trade with the Hinterland, the Mozambique Company's territory is likely to be soon self-supporting, owing to the fact that extensive and accessible areas have been found suitable for the cultivation of the best quality of cotton, and steps are being taken to press on this important branch of the Company's development. The Company has also commenced boring for coal in the neighbourhood of Beira, and arrangements are now being made to make that port a coaling and watering station for naval purposes. The mining enterprises of Mozambique have suffered similarly to those of Rhodesia from the general stagnation; but, on the other hand, the districts have not been as extensively prospected, and there seems ample ground for the belief that this portion of the Company's enterprise can be more successfully developed.

**ABYSSINIA.**—With reference to the Company's interests in the Ethiopian Railway Trust Company, the Directors are happy to report that the policy they have so long advocated for the internationalisation of the Djibouti-Harrar Railway is now viewed with favour by the Emperor Menelik and by the English and French Governments. The arrangements to give effect to this proposal are under discussion. An international agreement will be of great importance to the development of Abyssinia generally, and to the nations concerned therein, and, so far as the New African Company is concerned, these arrangements should largely increase the value of its interests in this railway.

The Ethiopian Railway Trust is ably represented at Adis Abeba by Captain Brien England and Mr. L. Didier.

**EGYPT AND SOUDAN.**—The New Egyptian Company has made great progress in Egypt, more especially owing to the marked rise in the value of Egyptian land, of which substantial purchases have been made. For the same reason, the lands in course of reclamation are likely to show more favourable results than were expected. Altogether some 6,500 feddans of land have been purchased, and some 3,600 feddans are in course of reclamation. Offers have been received for portions of the land showing substantial profit on the cost price; but these were declined, in the belief that higher prices than those now prevailing will be obtained.

The concession for the navigation of Lake Menzaleh, referred to last year, has now been vested in the Menzaleh Canal and Navigation Company, which has been favourably received by local investors. This enterprise will eventually establish direct water communication between Port Said and the Nile across Lake Menzaleh.

To effect economy in management, practically the whole of the Shares of the Soudan Development Company have been acquired by the New Egyptian Company in exchange for fully-paid Shares of the latter. The New African Company therefore now holds 62,340 New Egyptian Shares out of a total issue of 193,876, together with other financial rights. The prospects of the New Egyptian Company's business encourage the Board of this Company to look forward to large profits from this investment.

**WEST AFRICA.**—The Company's interests in West Africa continue to show satisfactory progress. The Abosso Gold Mining Company has now sunk its main shaft to 750 feet, and has cross-cut to the reef for the 4th level at 700 feet, where it is 26 inches wide and assays 1 oz. 16 dwts. per ton. Sinking in the main shaft has now stopped, and work is being concentrated upon the sinking of No. 2 Shaft and on the development of ore in the levels. In depth the mine continues to show improvement both in the width and value of the Banket Reef. A 30-stamp battery, capable of extension to 30 stamps with but little extra cost, has been ordered with complete cyanide plant, and will be shipped to the mine within a few weeks. It is anticipated that crushing will be commenced with the year 1905.

The Ankobra Company has had its gold dredger, mentioned in last year's report, at work for some months on the lower reaches of the Concession. The results have been encouraging, and a second gold dredger has been purchased, and is now on its way to the West Coast.

On the Tappah property the underlay shaft has been continued, and a depth reached of 618 feet. Cross-cutting to the Main Reef has been commenced, and the

mine will be opened up with all expedition. The permanent equipment of the mine is approaching completion.

**MARCONI.**—The Directors are again able to report the steady progress of this Company's interesting business. Arrangements are now in course of completion from which it appears likely that the present use of the Marconi apparatus will be widely extended both for shipping purposes and shore-to-shore telegraphy.

**GENERAL.**—Mr. Ochs has recently returned from a six months' tour in Africa, which, accompanied by agricultural and mining experts, he has been inspecting the chief centres of the Company's enterprise in Egypt, the Soudan, Mozambique, Transvaal, and other parts of South Africa. Mr. Ochs' visit has given considerable impetus to the Company's business in all directions.

Since the date of the last meeting Mr. Thomas F. Dalglish was elected to a seat on the Board, and the Directors consider that his large experience in South African affairs will be of great value to the Company.

The Baron de la Chevrelère has also during the past year been elected to a seat on the Board as representing a large body of French Shareholders interested in the Company.

According to the Articles of Association, Mr. Albert L. Ochs retires from the Board, but offers himself for re-election.

Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., the Auditors of the Company, retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

London, 20th July, 1904.

By order of the Board,  
THOMAS DAY, Secretary.

## BALANCE-SHEET, 31st December, 1903.

Dr.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
To Capital Account—					
Authorised:					
400,000 Shares of £1 each .. .. .		400,000	0	0	
Issued:					
369,850 Shares of £1 each .. .. .		369,850	0	0	
Less Calls outstanding .. .. .		165	12	6	
				369,684	7 6
Premium Account .. .. .				209,404	13 9
Bills Payable .. .. .				36,007	7 3
Sundry Creditors .. .. .				12,279	17 1
Unclaimed Dividends .. .. .				3,978	12 0
Profit and Loss Account—					
Balance as per Account 31st December, 1902..		132,581	9	0	
Deduct—Dividend paid July, 1903, on £369,850 as follows: In cash, £18,492 10s.; in Shares of the Ethiopian Railway Trust and Construction Company, Limited, at par, £55,477 10s.; Directors' additional remuneration, in above Shares, at par, £3,830; Managers' additional remuneration, in above Shares, at par, £3,830 10s. .. .. .				81,630	10 0
				150,950	19 0
Less—Balance as per Profit and Loss Account for year ending December 31st, 1903..				31,936	4 0
				119,014	15 0
Liability—					
On Securities held, under guarantee, and as participants in a Syndicate .. .. .				£66,871	12 7
Liability on behalf of a Syndicate against security of their Shares .. .. .				£30,000	0 0
				£96,871	12 7
Cr.					
By Cash at Bankers' and in hand—					
London .. .. .		£51,309	18	0	
Paris .. .. .		250	5	8	
Johannesburg .. .. .		77	10	0	
				£51,636	2 8
Sundry Loans—					
Short Loans on Stock Exchange .. .. .		£15,881	12	6	
Sundry Loans .. .. .		5,481	3	7	
				21,362	16 1
Bills Receivable .. .. .				30,150	0 0
				£51,512	16 1
Debentures, Bank, Railway, and other Shares..				166,016	17 5
Sundry Debtors .. .. .				16,163	7 9
Mining, Land, Copper, and other Shares and Participations—					
Copper Shares .. .. .		15,400	0	0	
Marketable Gold and Land Shares .. .. .		136,418	6	3	
Syndicate Participations .. .. .		26,314	13	3	
Miscellaneous Shares and Participations .. .. .		100,002	9	2	
				278,135	8 8
Johannesburg Dwelling House .. .. .				3,000	0 0
Office Furniture Account—					
London, Paris, and Johannesburg..				3	0 0
				£281,138	8 8

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1903.

Dr.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
To Salaries, Office and other Expenses—					
London and Paris .. .. .		3,689	17	9	
Johannesburg .. .. .		2,594	9	3	
				6,284	7 0
Cablegrams, Travelling Expenses, Law Expenses, Advertising and other Expenses .. .. .				1,100	7 4
Income-tax .. .. .				3,675	10 5
Directors' Fees .. .. .				2,200	0 0
Amounts written off Shares and Participations .. .. .				2,917	15 9
Depreciation on Debentures, Shares, and Participations .. .. .				32,361	13 8
				£48,540	3 2
Cr.					
By Profit on Realisations .. .. .				8,514	13 1
Interest and Dividends .. .. .				8,012	17 10
Sundries .. .. .				75	8 3
Balance carried to Balance-sheet .. .. .				31,936	4 0
				£48,540	3 2

C. B. EUAN SMITH, } Directors.  
CHESTERFIELD,  
THOMAS DAY, Secretary.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report to the Shareholders that we have audited the above Balance-sheet with the books of the Company in London and the Accounts from Paris and Johannesburg. The Debentures and Shares which have a published price are taken at this price, which on balance is above cost; the remainder, and the Participations, about one-third of the amount stated, are taken at the Directors' estimate of value.

Subject to these remarks, in our opinion, such Balance-sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO., Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

London, 15th July, 1904.

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